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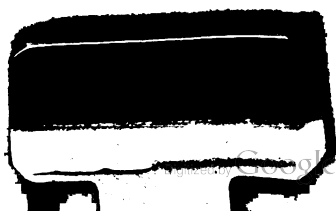
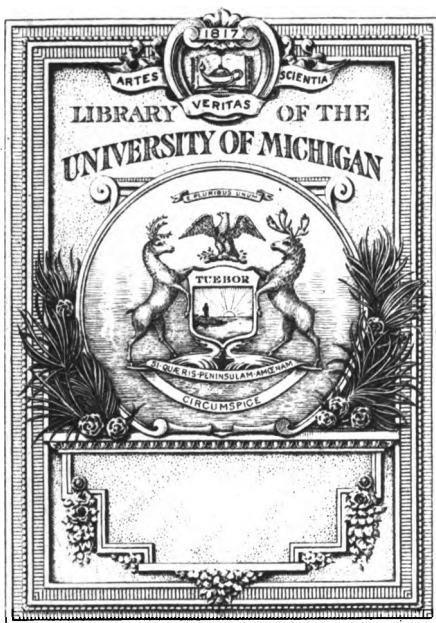
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*The correspondence
of Samuel Richardson ...*

Samuel Richardson, Barbauld (Anna Letitia)



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1804

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Lady Bradshigh

Engraved from an original Portrait by Sir John Smith

Published May 26-1804 by Richard Phillips, 22, St Pauls Church Yard

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THE
CORRESPONDENCE
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF
PAMELA, CLARISSA, AND SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.
SELECTED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO HIS FAMILY.
To which are prefixed,
A BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT
OF THAT AUTHOR,
AND
OBSERVATIONS ON HIS WRITINGS.
By ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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C O N T E N T S

OF

VOL. VI.

Correspondence with Lady Bradshaigh . . throughout

1904

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
RICHARDSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. RICHARDSON

AND

LADY BRADSHAIGH.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Reading, March 25, 1750.

AS you was so good, Sir, to desire I would write from this place, and being seconded by a strong inclination, I take pen in hand; but am partly at a loss how to address my *new* correspondent, as I may call you, though new in nothing but a personal knowledge; and that I find your conversation so suitable to your written sentiments, that it ought rather

VOL. VI.

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to

to encourage, than make me fearful. But, before I go any farther, let me acknowledge the many obligations I have received from you. I could not express half my thoughts, when I saw you last, being quite out of countenance at receiving favours which I was conscious I had no way deserved, and which I have but little hopes of returning. Indeed, Sir, you must not be thus bountiful to me; it hurts both my pride and my modesty. I believe I have told you so before, upon the like occasions.

When I set out, on Tuesday morning, thinking on the occasion of our journey,* I could not help reflecting, how many valuable people I left in a situation threatened with a calamity I was flying from; which gave me infinite pain. The Bishop

* Apprehensions of an earthquake, two shocks of which had been felt in London, and which made multitudes of people, of all ranks, leave the town.

of

of Oxford, I hear, in his sermon, on Sunday was se'nnight, called it a *presumption*, in any one who left London upon this occasion. A presumption it would be, in those who remove with an assurance of safety; but, if a person's mind will be more at ease in one place than another, it may argue a weakness, but I know no harm in chusing that place. I religiously believe God's providence is over all his works; and on that every serious person must depend, whatever situation he may be in. He has also given us means to provide for our safety, and permits us to fly from danger, though, from our erroneous judgement, we may run into a greater.—God hath warned us to flee from the wrath to come, and if we take that for a warning, which, in reality, is not one, surely, in that we sin not.

I mean not to draw a parallel between Sodom and London. I hope and believe there are many more than five righteous

B 2

therein.

therein. Nor dare I impiously pronounce a judgement against any particular place. I believe there are more good people there, and also more bad, because the number altogether so far exceeds the number in any other place in the kingdom. But, setting aside all other considerations, I think London, by reason of the numerous close and slight buildings, is, of all other places, to human appearance, the most dangerous. I believe, Sir, you will agree with me, because, I think, for the like reasons, I heard you say you preferred North-End to your house in town.

As I passed by the former, I bowed my head, and said to myself, "God preserve you, my friend, with your good and agreeable family !" And heartily I prayed, in the same manner, for all I left behind me : hoped we might happily meet again in perfect safety, though apprehensions we must have. Those who are without, must, I think, either be impious or insensible.

I hope

I hope Mrs. Richardson continues at North-End, and that she will induce you to be absent as much as possible from your dangerous house* in town. I know if she but *looks* her desire, you dare not disobey; for, it must be allowed, there is something *sternly* commanding in her countenance. But, to be serious, I am sure you will be ready to oblige her, especially in what gives you pleasure: and I verily believe she would suffer greatly herself, rather than ask you to do any thing contrary to your inclination; for, I must say, never did I see more good temper, mildness, and compliance, appear in any body, than in her; and I doubt not, that appearances speak her mind. Govern *you*—a likely story!—and yet she does, for you have not a heart to contradict so much goodness!

We arrived safe at this place, after a

* A very high house, having many tons weight of paper and metal on the uppermost floors.

very pleasant journey, on Tuesday evening. The apprehensive females found themselves happier, hoping themselves more secure than it may possibly happen to be ; but in God alone I trust ; am thankful for mercies received ; and pray for his future protection. We have melancholy accounts, in the papers, of frequent earthquakes ; but hope in God the worst is over.

I was in hopes, that, in this my retirement, I should have had a good deal of spare time : but our party is so large, and I am so fond of enjoying the company of an old friend, who lives here, and whom I have not seen of many years, that, together with the many beautiful places in this neighbourhood to tempt us abroad, I doubt I shall not sufficiently satisfy myself in the pleasure I am now taking. But an hour or two in a morning I have, that I can call my own ; the produce of which, such as it is, I shall give you, Sir, as I
flatter

flatter myself you will indulgently accept of it.

Yesterday, after going once to church, I made Hervey's Meditations my study, and went very nearly through the first volume. I cannot but say, I accompanied him with much greater pleasure among the Tombs, than in his Flower Garden, not however without some horror, though, at the same time, I felt a gloomy delight, and was greatly moved at some of his descriptions. The parting of a happy couple I cannot stand, in whatever shape it appears. I suppose this work is reckoned a well-wrote piece; and yet the style does not please me in many places. Do you think it is quite easy, Sir?

March 27. When I saw you last, I forgot to tell you I had read Charlotte Summers; but did not find any thing relating to you, like what you told me. I doubt I do not well remember what he says; but I think it is, that we are taught

B 4

the

the art of *laughing* and *crying*, from your *melancholy* disposition, and Mr. Fielding's *gay* one ; and I think passes a compliment upon each, though perhaps he might design to sneer.

There are very different kinds of laughter : you make me laugh with pleasure ; but I often laugh, and am angry at the same time with the facetious Mr. Fielding.

I must just take notice of what you say as to my causeless fears and apprehensions in relation to an interview. Causeless they were indeed, with regard to you, Sir ; and I had reason to think it would be so, from every thing you had written. But had I not cause, from my own behaviour ? Conscious of having said things that I could not with reason expect you to bear with common patience, how was it possible, but I must dread an interview ? and what is worse, I am apprehensive that I shall add to the load ; for your looks are so of a piece with your indulgent words,
that

that I greatly fear they will not give a check to the saucy freedoms and impertinences with which I am too naturally inclined to treat my best friends, when I think I have their license for so doing ; and yet, Sir, I am a little afraid to your face.—No—I am not afraid neither—it is not that—but it is something that reigns in my freedom of speech.—Oh ! I believe, I fancy, I shall talk like a fool—that is it.

Here I must break off, being called upon to join my company, and having too long detained you from necessary business, in which you are so constantly employed, that I cannot help being angry with myself for taking up so much of your time : hope it will be excused in, Sir,

Your obliged and

faithful humble servant,

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH,

London, March 31, 1750.

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your Ladyship's kind letter, from Reading. When I had read it, in the levity of my heart, and in the true spirit of female love of surprise and puzzle, I called my wife to me: "I am sorry, child, said I, that Lady Bradshaigh" — "Have you a letter from her Ladyship? How does she do?" — "Pretty well — Very well. — But I am sorry that she likes not you so well as you do her." — "I am sorry too, if that be so. But you love to joke and amuse, Mr. Richardson." "Nay, look over me." — She did. I read: "*I know if she but LOOKS her desire, you DARE not disobey; for, it must be allowed, there is something STERNLY commanding in her countenance.*"

"Sternly!"

“ *Sternly* ! said she : I was in hopes nobody could think I looked *stern*. But I am sorry for it. I am sure I was extremely pleased with Lady B. and am sorry she thought me—. But did you think, Mr. R. that I looked *stern* in her presence? Silly and bashful I might look ; but I think I had no *sternness* in my countenance.” — “ Ah ! Betsy : we sheepish people always look worst when we mean to look best. We know not how either to look or to act with a grace. — But, when her Ladyship returns, we must both try to mend, I think.” — “ Mend ! said she : impossible I should mend. I must look as I am. I may be awkward ; but I thought I looked pleased ; for I was so, I am sure : and am sorry Lady B.” — “ Well, come, my dear, interrupted I, I will amuse you no longer.” She brightened up all at once. I read your letter through : and she said, “ It was one of her pleasures

pleasures that she had the honour of knowing Lady B. in person."

Would you believe it, Madam; I find I shall not be able to prevail upon her to leave the town? You good women compliment one another; but, upon my word, an honest man, who loves his quiet, has a hard task to persuade you to do any thing you do not incline to do. What must be the task with those not so good? — But a man who begins wrong, and is too easy, will be held to it. A good deal in the homely proverb about *wedding-shoes*.

But, were it not that we may know no end of our monthly apprehensions, should a shock happen, as apprehended, and that we are obliged to live in town, having your Ladyship of my side, I would be a little more positive than I love to be.

And, besides, she laid a good deal of stress upon your words, "That God's providence

vidence is over all his works ; that in God alone she trusted ; that she was thankful for mercies received ; and would pray for his future protection."

Your opinion of Hervey's Meditations, given with your usual diffidence, is very much my own. I love the man, and think him a devout and good man ; but his style is too flowery for prose, too affected : a judicious friend of mine calls it *prose run mad*. A serious and good divine, of my acquaintance, sees him, as to his doctrines, too mystic ; and I think him inclined to the enthusiastic part of Methodism. Yet I am sure he is a good and well-meaning man. One proof that he is so is, that he gives away most of the profits he makes by the sale of his pieces, which have amounted to a considerable sum.

Will your Ladyship forgive me for a request I have to make to you ? It is, that you will give me your leave, and procure
Sir

Sir Roger's, to take a copy of the picture that hangs over your chimney in New Bond-street. You know not the pleasure I shall have in looking upon it, when you are at that seat, which is there drawn in so lively a manner, and is so very delightful.

Accept, dear lady, (my ever-valued correspondent!) and make acceptable, my best wishes: and believe me to be, with augmented ardor,

Your Ladyship's most obliged, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Reading, April 3, 1750.

YOUR letter, Sir, which I received on Sunday last, gave me the same pleasure your letters ever did and ever will give me; but there is still an alloy to that pleasure,

pleasure, when I think of the trouble I give you, which is ridiculous to mention, since it is the wicked purpose of my heart to give you that trouble, till I receive your commands to the contrary.

And so, Sir, it was "the true spirit of female love of surprise and puzzle" that induced you to amuse Mrs. R. with my ironical description of her looks; but I know you did it to give me a farther proof of her goodness. Could any thing be more gentle, after such a prepossession as my words must give her against me? "I was in hopes nobody could think I looked *stern*; but I am sorry for it," &c. Nobody can think it, I will venture to assure you, good Mrs. Richardson. Your looks are all mildness, civility, and modesty: your declared good opinion of me gives me great pleasure. I shall ever be proud to be in possession of the esteem of the good and the sincere; and wish I could say I was deserving of it.

But,

But, hark ye, Sir, I have not done with you, concerning this same female love of surprise and puzzle. A very pretty way you men have got, when you have a mind to do a wrong thing; why, it must be something *truly female*, and that you think is a sufficient excuse. But pray take your burthens upon yourselves: we have enow of our own; that I acknowledge; but I will not allow, that your foibles, conceits, whims, and all your train of follies, shall be called our's. I disclaim them, and expect your recantation.

And cannot you prevail with Mrs. R. to go to North-End? What a sad life you have with her! Poor man! how I pity you!

Now she is gone out of the room, you are back-biting; and I suppose expect I should join with you; but hang me if I don't tell. How durst you tell me such a story, when you knew I heard her say,
and

and with truth say, "Why will not I go to North-End? — Because, Mr. Richardson, you will not go with me. Do you think I can enjoy the least satisfaction, though I was to think myself in safety, when I thought I had left you in a place of danger? Indeed, you know me not, if you do not think I should chuse to share your fate, be it what it will." And do you know that I answered, "Charmingly said, dear Mrs. Richardson! Should the dispute have happened between me and my dear Sir Roger, just such an answer do I wish to have given!"

But, Sir, though I have no notion of these dreadful shocks being periodical; and though I trust in God we have felt the last; yet, as it never was known, as I have heard, that there was any long space of time between them, in places where they have done much mischief, is it not prudence to keep at a distance, for some time, from the place where the
alarm

alarm has been twice given? I think it idle, I may say wicked, to presume to fix a time when such a thing will, or will not happen. The presumptuous prophecy was not of any weight with me.

Your repeated praises of what I say, give me too great weight with myself. What shall I do, Sir, to keep down my vanity? I find it very troublesome. I cannot totally suppress it. How should I? for it is impossible to doubt either your judgement or sincerity. Why then I will be a little vain; it is but one small fault, which I will endeavour to hide amongst a multitude of greater; and, if ever it should force its impudent face into view, do you, Sir, but give it a box on the ear, and, my life for it, it retires.

And now, Sir, what shall I say to your very obliging request? in which Sir Roger and myself think ourselves highly favoured. One objection we have: you will guess what it is. — We cannot consent

sent *absolutely* and *intirely* in your own way; but, since you have thought it worth asking for, let not that be a dispute between us. The obligation will still lie on our side; and do not take it amiss, if I say, you must accept it in Sir Roger's own way.

I have gone through the *Cyropædia*, and was much entertained. There are noble rules and instructions for princes, and people in power; and, indeed, every body may find lessons in it worthy of imitation.

I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

June 3, 1750.

SIR,

I WAS so unreasonable, early as it was, to expect your answer on the very day you were so indulgent as to give it: for, thought I, he will receive my letter on Friday: most of Saturday and Sunday he will spend at North-End; and, as he drops his business of consequence at the bottom of Constitution-Hill, who knows but, by way of *play*, he may write to his expecting friend?

“ Our time might have passed. ” — Lord, Sir, that is the very thing I should have dreaded: I know how the time flies when I am at North-End; and I know the more time I had spent there, the more unwillingly I should have left it.

The

The refreshing showers we have had, I thank God ; and I prayed for them, contrary to our own private interest ; but, as I hope the public have received the benefit of them, I must now wish for fair weather, that the candle-coal (our great concern) may be carried off, which can only be done by wheeled carriages.

Dear Sir, you terrify me with the dreadful account you give of the sad effects which have happened, and may still happen, from the carelessness and scandalous management of our jails. Pray God Almighty put a stop to its farther progress ! It is highly necessary it should be taken into consideration.

I am again going through those beautiful edifying thoughts,—your Maxims. If I meet with any thing striking, and suitable to my subject, you may be sure you will have it ; that is, if I happen to have my pen in hand ; for, alas ! I cannot remember a line one hour. If I do not put
it

it down as I read, it is gone: and now I have not an opportunity of doing that, as I read aloud to some friends, whose company I am happy in. One of them, a single lady, not young—rather beyond the verge—an OLD MAID. There, Sir!—There are the two words you are so desirous of having. I know you are fond of them; and you are heartily welcome to them. They are now out of my dictionary; and, when I have occasion, I shall only use them as borrowed from you.

But how could you guess such a reason for my not putting down the good lady of seventy-two by the style and title above? Could you suppose it to be *my* reason? However, in this particular, I will not contradict you, only to shew a little good-breeding: otherwise, I know what I could say. This lady, who, I told you, never spoke an ill-natured word in her life, has, nevertheless, kept all sorts of company, as most people of her age must,
I think,

I think, unavoidably have done : but it is not always bad company that will make a good-natured woman shew ill nature, any more than a bad temper can be always changed by good company.

I am just going upon my Chinese house ; have been some time uncertain as to the model ; but last night's dream has fixed me. You will think that odd, but it is fact ; and I have often been assisted in such-like undertakings by my dreams. I believe my thoughts are most settled when asleep : a sure sign of an unsteady brain !

Will you be so good, Sir, to let Mr. Highmore know I shall be glad to have him begin your picture as soon as it suits his convenience ?

If you think proper, Sir, I would chuse to have you drawn in your study, a table or desk by you, with pen, ink, and paper ; one letter just sealed, which I shall fancy is to me. Whether sitting or standing, I
leave

leave to you and Mr. Highmore ; also the dress ; but think *that* in the half-length cannot be improved ; and wish he could promise me as true a likeness. If he require it, I dare say, Sir, you will afford him a sitting. I would not press too much ; but shall be glad to hear the picture is finished.

I return you my sincere thanks for the letters you have been so kind to send, upon my earnest request. Have I not done wrong in asking those letters from you ? I did it inconsiderately. But if you suspect any of your correspondents will take it amiss, or would not chuse to have their letters seen, I beg to know, and I will immediately return them. But I think I had leave to read them to a friend, and to say by whom they were written.

They have afforded me high delight.

But, Mr. J. Channing, “ Who the deuse are you ? ” This man has given me

a

a mortifying stroke, in the following words :

“ The desire of having your piece end happily, as it is called, will ever be the test of a wrong head, and a vain mind.”

Rashly judged ! The wrong head I subscribe to : but why a vain mind ? Indeed, Mr. Channing, you are mistaken : I will take upon me to say, your wisdom is mistaken, Sir : and yet he seems a very knowing man.—I am sorry for that.—Very pious too ; but he is cross. — Writes in a pet.—I am resolved to find fault with him. —So far in revenge.—Now I am pretty easy ; and can bring down my stomach to tell you, that, after all, I admire him : but he has his faults ; which, for aught I know, may proceed from a vain mind, though not a wrong head.

I am running into my usual length : and must conclude. I am,

Dear Sir, your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

July 22, 1750.

DEAR MADAM,

You are a charming dreamer. “A sign of an unsteady brain!” You shall not be so unjust to yourself, I tell you. It is a sign that you are mistress of a Paradise, and are happy sleeping and waking. It is a sign that all is harmony within! and that nothing but pleasantness can approach you even in your slumbers. Such had the first Adam and the first Eve (does not Milton tell you so?) before the Fall. It is also a sign of sound health.

But I cannot quit this subject of your dreams, without giving you a copy of a few lines, pinned on to the copy of a former dream of your’s. They are by a lady.

All

Would dreams like this enlighten mortal's rest,
To sleep were transport not to be exprest !
How few the real joys one should forsake ;
And who, that so could sleep, would wish to wake !

All that I request, with regard to the transcribed letters, is, that no copies may be taken. Your Ladyship may shew the contents to whom you please, and say by whom they were written.

A number of us cannot be pent up together, deprived of air and exercise for a few weeks, but we shall poison one another, and endanger a general pestilence ! How slightly are we accustomed to hear mentioned the jail distemper as an usual thing ! and yet have we not had instances, though not so many at one time, of like fatal effects from it ? It is pity, me thinks, that some other means, than that of depriving our fellow-creatures of the common blessings of air and sunshine, could not be thought of, for doing justice to creditors, and for punishing delinquents ;

quents; for prisons must not be made palaces neither. Could not the careless, the idle, the extravagant debtor, be made to work for a certain number of years, in proportion to the value of his debt, and according to his demerits in contracting it?—the debt first reduced to a probably payable sum, as mercy and justice should direct: and this (there are wastes enow every where) in places clean and comfortable, erected at the public expense, or by every parish, precinct, &c. What great and good things might not the poor's rates, taken into the hands or direction of the legislature, rightly administered, do! But, at present, I have not either time or clearness of head to enter farther into this matter: but am your's faithfully,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

Aug. 1, 1750.

DEAR MADAM.

I send the scene your Ladyship asked after.

SCENE—DRAMATIC.

A Father and Daughter.

You will observe that a good deal is supposed to be answered and said. It started upon me as I was walking alone in the charming wood, at Parsons-Green, then belonging to the Countess Dowager of Pembroke—a young acquaintance, tho' not a very young lady—whose death I still deplore. I wrote it with a pencil, and afterwards transcribed it. The half-mute daughter I had fancied standing before her half-vehement, but more than half-worthy, father.

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ther.

ther. Arguments of this nature, in books, dramatic stories, &c. always turn in favour of the amorous girl, and against the supposed tyrannical parent. I was willing to draw a juster, yet not unnatural scene, with a view to do right to both, and mingle instruction and warning in it.

“ And will no other be accepted ? Will you marry this man, a man of profligate manners, and of a worse temper than mine was ever thought to be ? Insolent, arrogant, imperious : whose yoke will be an iron one : who loves you not so well as you love him : whose assiduities are spared him by your forwardness, so that he has no need to question or examine his own heart about you : to whom your fondness gives a merit, a consequence, which, intrinsically, he has not. Know you not, that an ill-grounded love entitles a woman to contempt ? It exalts the lover, and debases herself.

“ You

“ You hang down your head : you blush. Are your blushes owing to shame? Cannot you speak? Cannot you answer me? Not one word?

“ Why that heavy sigh? Easily may you find words, if you think you can oblige me.

“ How ! Never will you marry any man, if you have not this man? And menace you thus your father ! And were it not better that you live single your whole life, than to marry unhappily?

“ These tears, too—tears of obstinacy, rather than of tenderness—I *can bear* to see these tears.

“ Are they not of obstinacy?.....How willing am I to believe you ! But, O my girl ! your tenderness is wrought in you by your consideration for the lover, not for your father ! Your mind is softened by blind passion. And still will you believe *me* partial, and *him* faultless.

“ You hope he does not deserve these.

c 4

hard

hard thoughts. Well, then, you must make the experiment, I think, whether your father's experience, or your blind love, is to be trusted to. Marry him. You shall be his. His you may be ; but your's will he not be. He will be all his own !

“ You chuse him. The Almighty grant that your choice may not be your punishment !

“ I will give you the whole fortune I had intended to give you, had your choice been such as I could have approved.

“ I will heap coals of fire upon his head, in order to obtain an influence over him, if he has gratitude, that he may have no pretence to use you ill.

“ I will talk to him——But, Oh, I cannot ! Were he to treat me with disrespect ; were he to let me see, by his demands, and by his insolence of behaviour, that he was sure of my daughter ; in spite of myself, I should hardly keep my temper.”

“ The man ought to be on the supplicating

ting side of the question, in courtship. Does he not ask, that I will give him my child ; my favourite child, whom I have so tenderly educated ; to give her in full and absolute property — name, person, heart, soul, as I may say ; and a large sum of money, to take her off my hands ?

“To take whom ? My daughter ! With whom, to see the happiest prospects, I cannot part, without a rent in my heart !

“Yet, should he treat me with the apprehended assuredness, and next to defiance, to what purpose should I resent ? My resentments would wear, to you, the face of prejudice and persecution ; and your passion for him would be increased, if he could bring you to think him a sufferer !

“O, my girl ! how has this man (your lover must I call him ?) already distanced the father in your affections !

“You hope not ! Fond girl ! But I will not upbraid you. Yet let not your

whole sex, very few of which have been educated as you have been, suffer in my opinion by your weakness.

“One interview ! One interview, my father !

“O the reluctant interview with a man on such a subject ! A subject that my soul loves not. But tell me, my girl, were I to meet him, and were he to treat your father with indecency, would you renounce him ? I know you would not ; I know you would, notwithstanding, be his. You would find excuses for him, none for me. Should a difference happen upon it, between you and me ; should that difference become public, through my anger and your perverseness ; would not the world, the ill-judging world, call it *love* — make a common cause of it — forgive you, and call me cruel ? O, this wicked word *love* !... What weaknesses does it not cover !

“I am of a harsh, a severe temper ; so say my censurers ; perhaps, because I penetrate

netrate their disguises ; and think I have reason to have a mean opinion of all mankind. Your mother, however, (indeed she is all goodness, all excellence !) has not been unhappy with me. My children's reverence seems to have exceeded their love for me. I have been, perhaps, too little solicitous to shew the companionship to them, in my outward behaviour, that it was always in my heart and in my judgement to shew them. You, my dear, have started up, as I may say, into woman, unawares to me. I looked upon you too long as a child, because I loved my child. You have found yourself out to be marriageable, before I had considered you as such. If any thing disagreeable, stiff, distant, be imagined by you, in my temper or behaviour ; if you find, in your own heart, more awe of me than love for me ; and if to get out of my power, be one of your motives ; I will endeavour wholly to change this my outward behaviour. I will, if possible,

sible, overcome your fear, and engage your love. I will make you my companion, my friend, and my third self. Your mother, your good, your indulgent mother, shall be only my best self. I will double the value of your annuity. Young women love independence! Already, however, it is as much as you will be allowed for your own separate use by a husband. You shall contract friendships, preserve friendships, visit, receive visits, at your pleasure. My coach, my chariot, my servants, shall be at your command—your mother's conveniency and engagements, if your's and her's at the time shall be different or interfere, (you know *I love my horse*) only to be consulted, and given way to by you.

“A maid of your own you have long had. You shall have a man servant of your own choice, either one of those in the house, or a new one hired by yourself, with whom nobody else shall have any thing to do: the order and rules of my family (they are
not

not over strict ones) only to regulate his behaviour in it.

“ Other apartments shall be allotted to you, for the reception of your visitors. Your mother, myself, only to be as your visitors, when you invite us, and when we are not otherwise engaged.

“ Will these offers, these distinctions, this independence, prevail upon you — To do what ? — Only to have patience to stay till the man offers, with whom I think you may be happy. I have more than one in my view to offer to your choice, when I can be assured, that, in justice to the man, you have a heart to bestow.”

Thus far the father, Madam : but the girl I had supposed to be gone too far to recede. She marries. Her father gives her the fortune designed her. The man, who, being sure of her, had been a rough, an unpolite lover, proves a barbarous, an ungrateful husband. The following short dialogue,

dialogue, between the father and him, will explain the matter farther.

“ Your daughter, Sir ? She is my wife ! Has she been complaining to you of her husband ? ”

“ She has, Sir. By her sighs, which she would have suppressed, but could not — by the faded roses in her cheeks — by her sunk eyes — by her dejected spirits — by her lost appetite — by her humble silence : — she has complained.

“ She shuns me, Sir. She shuns her mother. By her forbearing to praise you as she used to do ; studying once, dear creature ! to exalt you for common civilities only ; calling your beginning slights, pleasantries ; and even boasting of them as marks of your free and sincere spirit : — she has complained. All lively and lovely as she was before she was your's, and for a poor two months and no more, afterwards. By these, and other indications of a fallen spirit, has she complained.

“ But

“ But from her lips nothing but this one-implied complaint ever transpired, and that to her sorrowing mother, urging her to open her heart to her. O, Madam ! he is my husband. He is dear to me as the apple of my eye ! And was he not my choice ? my obstinate choice ? I must, I do, love him. His temper, indeed, is not happy ; but he himself suffers by that. He might think better of me as a maiden than I could deserve as a wife. He is, moreover, sometimes tender. He is even sometimes acknowledging ; and then, I think, I have greater pleasure in forgiving him than I could have known had he never been unkind.”

Now I had supposed the young gentleman furious and affronting. On which, thus the father—“ Though your wife, Sir, she is still my daughter : and may I never be thought worthy to wear the distinction of a gentleman, when, advanced in years though I am, I can hesitate a moment to demand

mand the satisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man, who, by his birth and alliances, is entitled to call himself one, though, by being capable of offering insults where gratitude and protection are due, he be a disgrace to the respectable name."

Farther this deponent saith not—only that the above was never before transcribed; and that he is

Your Ladyship's
Most faithful and obedient servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Nov. 25, 1750.

AT my return from a round of visits, which the fine weather and roads tempted me to make, I found in possession of my dressing-room your welcome letter. I almost

most think it unnecessary to say, Sir Roger was my companion, fancying every body should know we have been for these twenty years inseparable: a happiness, amongst many others, I am thankful for. In this little excursion, we spent most of our time at —, the seat of Lord —, where I am always happy, surrounded with relations, loving and beloved.

The good Earl has ever been to me a father and a friend: a better man lives not. He would be a friend to the public, if he could: but to his own family he is inestimable. May God long continue the blessing to them!

The rest of our visits were to particular friends. No other would I visit by choice; but custom, vile custom, as you call it, we must have some regard to.

We have now lapt up for the winter; for in that season I never stir farther than to N — Church, which is but two little miles. I am happy in the thoughts of
taking

taking rest for some months in a comfortable habitation, with a few select friends; which is much more suitable to my taste, though not a grave one, than the continual hurry I was in last summer; though I lament my not being within a morning's visit of Salisbury-Court.

Philosophy, Sir!—How can I boast of philosophy? since a clap of thunder, or the report of an earthquake, makes me miserable. Strange, that, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot remove this fear! fain would I hope it is not the fear of death; and much more do I hope it is not a fear beyond that. But it is something more than I can overcome, when I think myself in danger.

You carry what I said of the rake's dress and address to a much greater length than I designed it. Lord, Sir! is there no such thing as a moderate rake? A man may deserve the name of a rake, without being quite an abandoned profligate; as a man
may

may sometimes drink a little too much, without being a sot. Of these sort have I been acquainted with, and who, in modest and virtuous company, have neither appeared coxcombs nor libertines. A man who has seen the world, who has been educated in the politest manner, spent his time in the company of such, and has common sense, will not suppose that ladies of reputation could possibly think him the more agreeable for cursing, swearing, or making a monkey of himself. The dress and address of such a man, as I have described, is all I meant, without going to the strict sense of the word rake; for a sober man, with such an appearance, surely must be preferred by most. I am sure it ever was by me. The misfortune is, you are, by what is called nature, so very prone to vice, that there is hardly such a thing as shewing you the world, without increasing your wickedness; and most of your sober men have seen but little, which
is

is the reason they so often fail in their dress and address. And if these things ought not to be the chief considerations, as they certainly ought not, yet they must have their weight, and youth will have its follies ; and, say what you will, there is no shutting the eyes of young people against appearances.

I believe, Sir, the girls I call prudent, are those you would think of the better sort : but I know not how to answer you as to their “being lovers of goodness, in preference to gay appearances.” I doubt I have given that up, and am afraid the good man, without such an appearance, would but have had a bad choice. But I am very sure many would prefer the good man with an equal appearance ; which proves they would not chuse a rake, because he is a rake, and which is all I contend for.

I do not really, Sir, think this age worse than former ages, though it may be worse than some, and, I believe, better than others.

others. I know I have heard my mother say, her parents complained of the very same sort of grievances as those we now labour under.

But do not say, Sir, that “by drawing a good woman you have set half her sex against her.” I protest I cannot bear it. You are downright scurrilous.—I challenge you, amongst your acquaintance, to say, upon your honour, you believe half of them are enemies to Clarissa. If not, I expect you will beg pardon of the sex.

I only said, Mr. Pope’s Letters shewed him an excellent good man, and so they certainly do. Of which you are glad, with all your heart. Now I do not think you are glad, for you seem not to think him so good, and I know you would rather have me think as you do. But now I must declare, I have not so good an opinion of Mr. Pope since I read his Dunciad. A little spiteful wasp! for it was ever in my thoughts as I read; and I often said, what
pity

pity — so much wit should be blown over in so dirty a mean-spirited manner ! Can this be the man whose Letters charmed me so lately ? and yet, when we condemn, we must also admire.

As for time — Lord, Sir, I can make time. — It is for want of something to do, that I erect these airy edifices, for I must be employed. Do not grudge for me, the time I spend in our correspondence ; sometimes an hour, sometimes much less, before breakfast. Judge you, who can grudge me this small portion of time each day. Not Sir Roger, I am sure : he will not grudge me time so well employed, and which gives me so much pleasure.

As for my works ; they are all of choice, and of such a nature, that it concerns me not whether I follow, or let them alone. I am at this time, rather than sit idle, painting a paper-hanging for a room.

Upon my return home, my pretty Fanny*

* A tame fawn.

met

met me with a bound, as if to welcome me; and it being a hard frost, slipped upon a flag; and, poor creature! broke her hinder leg into splinters, just upon a joint. And as there was no possibility of her living, but in torture, orders were given immediately to put her out of her pain, as the greatest and last act of compassion to an unfortunate favourite.

I wish you joy, Sir, of having so worthy and excellent a pastor and guide, in the city. You will not forget my poor Magdalene. Perhaps Mrs. L —, upon your request, would use her interest. But I would not put you upon any thing disagreeable.

You will think, Sir, that I am resolved to fill your house with trifles. What I have now to send you, should have gone with the cabinet, but the workmen disappointed me. Sir Roger, as well as myself, had a mind you should see some patterns of our manufactured paper, and to shew you, in various shapes, what is to us food,
raiment

raiment, and comfort. The candlesticks, in particular, are designed for Mrs. Richardson.

Young's Universal Passion, which I have read since I wrote the above, I am charmed with. His two plays, I believe, are good ones. The Revenge I like best; but he is fond of fatal catastrophes, indeed. Does not the character of Zanga rather too nearly resemble that of Iago in Othello?

I am, Sir,
your obliged and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

YOU ask, "How can I find time for so much reading," &c. Those who are not obliged to attend to any particular business, have nothing to do but to look for time, and they are sure to find it. But there are those who sit with their eyes shut, and let it pass unobserved, through wilfulness or negligence. No wonder, such do not find time.

O, you — you — you worse than ill natured! How could you rip up the old story of traversing the Park? How could you delight to tear the tender skin off an old wound that never will be quite healed? I was hurt more than you could be. My pain was in the mind, your's only bodily.

VOL. VI.

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Did

Did not you forgive me? However, (behold the wax I am made of!) the latter end of this paragraph melts and disarm my intended anger : for the present only ; for I shall find farther matter for quarrel, I foresee.

The first time my friend saw your picture, he asked, "What honest face have you got there?" And, without staying for an answer, "Do you know, I durst trust that man with my life, without farther knowledge of him." I answered, I do know you might do so with safety. And I put you down for a judge of physiognomy.

As I sit at my writing-desk, I cannot look up without viewing your picture ; and I had some hopes the looking upon it, as I writ, might a little have restrained, or at least kept me within bounds. I have tried the experiment, when I have been upon the edge of a ranting humour, and heard myself whisper, "What ! with that
smiling

smiling face?"—and found I was encouraged, rather than restrained: so gave you a familiar nod, and ranted on, as I do now, without fear or wit.

I only meant to joke a little upon Dr. Young; not to be severe. If it has that appearance, pray let him not have it; for, he might think me very impertinent. He pretends to be serious upon this.

Dec. 27. — I have, since I wrote to you last, stumbled into Dr. Middleton on the *Miraculous Powers*: and, in truth, I do not like him. Perhaps I do not understand him. But to me he appears a caviller at immaterial points. And I doubt he may do more harm by the controversy he has occasioned, than he can do good by endeavouring to prove many pretended miracles, to be either fabulous or the effects of priestcraft. But, seriously, I must own he has lessened these antients greatly in my opinion; for, what can be said in favour of their countenancing so many im-

D 2

positions,

positions, as it plainly appears they did? It is but making a poor compliment to Christianity, to say it wanted such gross abuses, to strengthen and propagate it. And though, to the rational and well-judging, it shines the clearer, for having struggled through, and shaken off these clogs of absurdities; yet its appearing in its native excellence is not owing to those through whose hands it was transmitted to us.

You see, Sir, I write upon every subject to you, without considering whether proper or not: but I know, if I am wrong, you will inform me.

Dec. 28.—I should be greatly delighted to see the correspondence between you and the young lady you mention. Some time or other, I hope to be favoured with it.

I own I do not approve of great learning in women. I believe it rarely turns out to their advantage. No farther would
I have

I have them to advance, than to what would enable them to write and converse with ease and propriety, and make themselves useful in every stage of life. I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth, There is something in it, to me, masculine, I could fancy such an one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle. You say "the men are hastening apace into dictionary learning." The less occasion still for the ladies to proceed in their's. I should be ashamed of having more learning than my husband. And could we, do you think, help shewing a little contempt, finding ourselves superior in what the husband ought to excel in? Very few women have strength of brain equal to such a trial; and as few men would forego their lordly prerogative, and submit to a woman of better understanding, either natural or acquired. A very uncomfortable life do I see between an ignorant husband and a learned wife. Not that I would have it

D 3

thought

thought unnecessary for a woman to read, to spell, or speak English; which has been pretty much the case, hitherto. I often wonder we can converse at all; much more, that we can write to be understood. Thanks to nature for what we have! We have, there, an advantage over your sex. You are in the right to keep us in ignorance. You dare not let us try what we could do. In that, you shew your judgment; which I acknowledge to be much stronger than our's, by nature; and that is all you have to boast of, and a little courage, which is oftener shewn upon a principle of false honour, than from an innate, true bravery.

✓ My employments and amusements at this time of the year are so much the same round, though not disagreeable to me, that they are scarce worth committing to paper, except as you desire it. I rise about seven, sometimes sooner; after my private duties I read or write till nine, then
break-

breakfast; work, and converse with my company till about twelve, then, if the weather permit, walk a mile in the garden; dress, and read till dinner; after which, sit and chat till four; from that to the hour of tea drinking, each day, variety of employments. You know what the men say, enters with the tea-table; though I will venture to declare, if mine is not an exception, it is as near one as you can imagine.

Here books take place, which I often read to the company; and sometimes we all have our particular studies (Sir Roger always has his,) which we seldom forsake till the bell warns to supper; after which we have always something to do. We eat fruit, crack nuts, perhaps jokes; now and then music takes place. This is our regular scheme, though it is often broken into, with company and variety of incidents, some pleasing, some otherwise: domestic affairs, too, call for a share of one's time. I

know not what the fine ladies mean, when they complain of having too much time; for, I thank God, Barnaby Bright is not too long for me. How should I be despised in the parish of St. James's, if they were to know, that, at this time, I glory in the humble title of a cow-doctor! But no matter, if I can do good, I can bear their contempt, and return it to them with interest.

I am afraid, Sir, I have given you too much trouble about the poor Magdalen. She is only qualified to wait upon an unmarried lady, or one who has a house-keeper, for she understands nothing of house-keeping; but, where needle-work, dressing, and getting up fine linen, are required, I believe she would give satisfaction.

I wish to heaven, with you, Sir, that you could, as I do, make time, or that I could give you some of mine. I want only power to send you a present which
I would

I would allow you to call bountiful. It should be another box—a contrast to Pandora's. Time, health, and happiness, should it contain, and these only as leaders to a greater treasure: for, in the bottom, you should find a plain, though distant, prospect of eternal bliss. But, though I am poor in power, accept it in sincerest wishes from, good Mr. Richardson,

Your affectionate
and obliged humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU do not approve of great learning in women. Learning in women may be either rightly or wrongly placed, according

ing to the uses made of it by them. And if the sex is to be brought up with a view to make the individuals of it inferior in knowledge to the husbands they may happen to have, not knowing who those husbands are, or what, or whether sensible or foolish, learned or illiterate, it would be best to keep them from writing and reading, and even from the knowledge of the common idioms of speech. Would it not be very pretty for parents on both sides to make it the first subject of their inquiries, whether the girl, as a recommendation, were a greater fool, or more ignorant, than the young fellow; and if not, that they should reject her, for the booby's sake? — and would not your objection stand as strongly against a preference in mother-wit in the girl, as against what is called learning; since linguists, (I will not call all linguists, learned men,) do very seldom make the figure in conversation

tion that even girls, from sixteen to twenty, make.

If a woman has genius, let it take its course, as well as in men; provided she neglect not any thing that is more peculiarly her province. If she has good sense, she will not make the man she chuses, who wants her knowledge, uneasy, nor despise him for that want. Her good sense will teach her what is her duty; nor will she want reminding of the tenor of her marriage vow to him. If she has not, she will find a thousand ways to plague him, though she knew not one word beyond her mother-tongue, nor how to write, read, or speak properly in that. The English, Madam, and particularly what we call the plain English, is a very copious and a very expressive language.

But, dear Madam, does what you say in the first part of the paragraph under my eye, limiting the genius of women, quite cohere with the advantages which, in
the

the last part, you tell me they have over us? — “Men do well,” you say, “to keep women in ignorance:” but this is not generally intended to be the case, I believe. Girls, I think you formerly said, were compounded of brittle materials. They are not, they cannot be trusted to be sent abroad to seminaries of learning, as men are. It is necessary that they should be brought up to a knowledge of the domestic duties. A young man’s learning-time is from ten to twenty-five, more or less. At fifteen or sixteen, a girl starts into woman; and then she throws her purveying eyes about her: and what is the learning she is desirous to obtain? — Dear lady, discourage not the sweet souls from acquiring any learning that may keep them employed, and out of mischief, and that may divert them from attending to the whisperings within them, and to the flatteries without them, till they have taken in a due quantity of ballast, that may hinder them, all
their

their sails unfurled and streamers flying, from being overset at their first entrance upon the voyage of life.

I am charmed with your Ladyship's obliging account of your daily employments and amusements. Now do I know at what different parts of the day to obtrude myself. I was not very well this morning. My people neglected me. I was at Haigh, in half a second, and did myself the honour of breakfasting there. But became the more miserable for it ; for O how I missed you, on my re-transportation ! — yet I the sooner recovered myself when I looked up to you and to your dear Sir Roger, in the picture. — Yet the piercing cold, and the surrounding snow, and my hovered-over fire side, reminded me, that the piece before me was but a picture. In summer, if it please God to spare me till then, it will be more than a picture. I will then throw myself into your morning walks ; and sometimes perhaps

haps you shall find me perched upon one of your pieces of ruins, symbolically to make the ruin still more complete. In hopes of which,

I am, dear Madam,

S. RICHARDSON.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

BUT what a sad thing say you, my dear lady, that these sober men will not put on the appearance of rakes! — Silly creatures! when they know what would do! — Can't they learn to curse and swear in jest? and be good, and true, and faithful, just when a lady wants them to be good, and true, and faithful? — But you would be content, if the good men would dress, only dress, like rakes — But, hold! On looking back
to

to your Ladyship's letter, I find the words dress and address: "The good man need only to assume the dress and address of the rake, and you will wager ten to four that he will be preferred to him." Will you be pleased, Madam, to give me particulars of the taking dress of a rake? Will you be pleased to describe the address with which the ladies in general shall be taken?—The rake is, must be, generally, in dress a coxcomb; in address, a man of great assurance; thinking highly of himself, meanly of the sex; he must be past blushing, and laugh at those who are not. He must flatter, lie, laugh, sing, caper, be a monkey, and not a man. And can a good man put on these appearances? We have heard that the devil has transformed himself into an angel of light, to bring about his purposes; but never that an angel of light borrowed a coat and waistcoat of the devil, for any purpose whatever. And must
the

the good man thus debase himself, to stand well with the fair sex?

“ To reform Lovelace for Clarissa’s sake !” — Excellent ladies ! — Unbounded charity ! — Dear souls ! How I love your six forgiving charmers ! — But they acknowledge this, I hope, only among themselves ! — If there are any Lovelaces of their acquaintance, I hope they give not to them such an indirect invitation to do their worst, in order to give themselves an opportunity to exercise one of the brightest graces of a Christian.

Well, but for fear I should be called scurrilous again, let me see how your Ladyship explains yourself. — “ A man may DESERVE the name of a rake, without being QUITE an *abandoned profligate* ; as a man may sometimes drink A LITTLE TOO MUCH without being *a sot*.

And, were I to attempt to draw a good man, are these, Madam, the outlines of his character ? Must he be a moderate rake ? —

Must

Must he qualify himself for the ladies' favour by taking any liberties that are criminal? Only taking care that he stop at a few; "that he be not **QUITE** an *abandoned profligate*! that though he may now and then drink a little too much, yet that he stop short of the **SOT**!"—O my dear Lady Bradshaigh—and am I scurrilous for saying, that there is no such thing, at least that it is very difficult, so to draw a good man, that he may be thought agreeable to the ladies in general?

Did I ever tell you, Madam, of the contention I had with Mr. Cibber, about the character of a good man, which he undertook to draw, and to whom, at setting out, he gave a mistress, in order to shew the virtue of his hero in parting with her, when he had fixed upon a particular lady, to whom he made honourable addresses? A male-virgin, said he—ha, ha, ha, hah! when I made my objections to the mistress, and she was another man's wife, too, but
ill

ill used by her husband ; and he laughed me quite out of countenance ! — And it was but yesterday, in company, some of which he never was in before, that he was distinguishing upon a moderate rake, (though not one word has he seen or heard of your Ladyship's letter, or notion,) by urging, that men might be criminal without being censurable ! — A doctrine that he had no doubt about, and to which he declared that none but divines and prudes would refuse to subscribe to ! — Bless me, thought I ! and is this knowing the world ? — What an amiable man was Mr. B——, in Pamela, in this light !

But I have this comfort, upon the whole, that I find the good man's character is not impracticable ; and I think Mr. Cibber, if I can have weight with him, shall undertake the arduous task. He is as gay and as lively at seventy-nine as he was at twenty-nine ; and he is a sober man, who has seen a great deal, and always

ways dressed well, and was noted for his address, and for his success, too, on two hundred and fifty occasions,—a little too many, I doubt, for a moderate rake: but then his long life must be considered. I wish we could fix upon the number of times a man might be allowed to be overcome with wine, without being thought a sot. Once a week? Once a fortnight? Once a month? How shall we put it? Youth will have its follies. Why — but I will not ask the question I was going to ask, lest I should provoke your Ladyship beyond your strength.

Dear, dear Madam, let me beg of you to make your own virtuous sentiments and behaviour in life, which render you equally beloved and revered by all who have the honour to know you, the standard of virtue for all your sex. When you extend your charity too far, and allow for what is, rather than insist upon what should be, in cases of duty and of delicacy.

cacy, my love for the sex makes me apply to your Ladyship's words—"you provoke me beyond my strength."

Just this moment came in my wife, (Thursday morning, eleven.)—O, Betsy, said I, begone! Ask me not what I am writing; I have been cutting your dear lady all to pieces.—Dear good lady! said she; never will I forgive you, then. Then looking at you over the chimney, with an eye of love, and my eye following her's, you can be but in jest, said she! Pray make my best compliments to her Ladyship, and to her Sir Roger. With which I conclude, &c. &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Feb. 9, 1750.

WE arrived here in about four hours, over very rough roads, made smooth by a deep snow and hard frost; and the day being fine, made it very pleasant travelling. I think myself very happily situated in this family, for reasons I have before given you; and though I have not quite so much command of time as I have at home, yet it is a rule here for every body to retire when they please; for, as the family is large, conversation seldom drops for want of company; and the sweet two uninterrupted hours your *Clarissa* has added to my time, are every where my own, and equally precious to me. I shall now proceed in my answer to your's.

I will

I will not approve of learning in women. You, even you, shall not persuade me to it; that is, no farther than I have already allowed, which I think is pretty extensively; let them study that, domestic duties, and other necessary acquirements, and they will have employment enough to keep them out of mischief, if their inclinations are not strong that way: and if they were as learned as the most learned you can name, I have a notion those same whisperings must, in some degree, be attended to; and whilst they have ears they will be open to flattery; and whilst men have tongues, those ears will be filled with it. Learning cannot change nature, but it can make a woman ridiculous, a woman of sense I mean. Then, if it was once become customary, all parents would think their children qualified, and say, "If, please God, my girl shall be a scholar," as the men now say of their boys, boobies or not: and what figures would
most

most of us make!—Every thing moves easiest in its own sphere. Indeed, Sir, great learning would make strange work with us. You know we are to submit and obey; and it is as much as ever we can do, often more, in our inferior state of knowledge. I speak of acquired learning. What we have from good sense and natural genius, nobody can take from us; and the more a woman has of those, the better she must appear, if, along with those, she has good nature and humility.

You must not tell the elder Miss Collier what I have said, though I dare say she is one of those I named last.

What joy it would give me to find you perched upon my piece of ruins! How I should walk you about, and tire you to death, with shewing my works, and pointing out what I think the particular beauties of the place! But, alas! I shake my head at the pleasing delusive scene.

Why, Sir! whether changing names be
arbitrary

arbitrary or not, it does not signify ; * for, in this, positively I will have my own humour ; and that, whether I can give the BEST REASONS for it or not. What is done, is done ; and I do not at all repent. I have a great pleasure in laughing at some inquisitive creatures, who go away satisfied and happy with their mistake, thinking they have obtained a secret, to divulge in the next company they fall into.

“ But, hey-day ! ” — Aye, and hey-day, too ! — Shall I answer you ? — No — some sort of passages are best answered by a contemptuous silence. In short, my pen has not gall enough — Mr. Pope’s would not have been sufficient. — I care not, Sir — I care not, whether it is easier to draw a good man or a good woman. — I’ll go to

* Lady Bradshaigh changed the name of Richardson (put over his picture) to Dickenson, that it might not be known she corresponded with an author.

Sir

Sir Roger, and call you all the names I can think of.

Well, Sir; and now I am returned to you, to call Sir Roger names: for, would you believe it? the dear perverse man took your part, laughed at me, and said, "I must advise Mr. Richardson to correct you, or your sauciness will exceed all bounds." So away came I, looked like a fool, and muttered to myself.

I will try if I cannot spit my venom to better purpose. And now I am come with a full resolution to — O Lord, Sir! what are all human designs? with what a sweetener do you close your next paragraph, which I unfortunately cast my eye upon, whilst I dipped my pen in gall! — Now am I as gentle and soft as a dove; there is no withstanding flattery, from fourteen to fourscore; and though I had withdrawn my hand, I here offer it again. And now I am soothed and prepared to answer your last and most difficult question with tem-

per. Let me see — you are very serious — you are afraid of an answer, with justice — your opinion is plain — mine, perhaps, you will not allow just; but I solemnly protest, I believe (“were the one to incur no more disgrace in the eye of the world by a lapse, or deviation, than the other,”) that six of our sex to four of your’s would, upon proof, be found to love virtue for virtue’s sake; though I doubt there would very many become openly vicious, who now pass for, and, may not I say, really are, virtuous; for I think those may be reckoned virtuous, who, either from religious considerations, or from the reasonable motives you hint at, curb and restrain their bad inclinations. I do not know but they may be the most virtuous, who overcome the strongest passions and temptations.

But, Sir, you find so much difficulty in drawing the character of a good and agreeable man, that I doubt we cannot find

find husbands to match even our prudent girls, whose number, I hope, is not a few, even in such an age as this, which age you are to understand I do not think worse than former ages; "but it is the age we live in:" so says Seneca. As, then, there are so few good men, I doubt the girls will find it necessary to marry rakes, rather than not marry at all. And the conclusion is, that it is your business, for who is better able to set about reforming your own sex? Exhibit the man we ought to prefer, without regarding whether the naughty girls may think him amiable or not. Let him take his chance. Perfect beauty cannot fail of its admirers.

March 17, 1751. — On Thursday last, we returned home, where we found your valuable present, greatly too much so, indeed. Upon opening the box, I felt a strange confused sort of a blush, occasioned by modesty, mingled with pleasure, gratitude, and some anger, for, would you

E 2

believe

believe that I could scarcely endure the sight of your sweet-faced Pamela? How could you make her stare me out of countenance? that was not in character, I am sure. However, I cannot be long out of humour with a daughter of your's. And the youngest of the three instantly began to prattle to me in such an agreeable manner, as extinguished every displeasing sensation, and left only gratitude and thankfulness in full possession of my heart, with which it now runs over. And as man and wife are one, (at least they are so at Haigh,) you must suppose the stream equal and united.

Harriot Byron I laid not down till I had gone through ; through did I say? — I wish I may promise myself so much pleasure some years hence. In short, Sir, it promises something delightful; and I hope you think so. But why would not you let me just peep at the good man? not but I think I see him at a little distance. As
for

for correction and amendments, you must not expect them from me. I know you do not, though you are so humble as to say you do.

I must once more join Sir Roger's compliments and thanks with those of, Sir,

Your very much obliged, and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

It was very kind of you, dear lady, in the midst of such rejoicing friends and relations, as at R——, to write to your correspondent.

You cannot imagine, Madam, how much I am delighted with your acknowledgement, that Clarissa's rules have added two

E 3

hours

hours every morning to your happily-employed days !

Your Ladyship will not “ approve of learning in women.” I cannot help it. But do not you think, Madam, that the woman, who, additionally to the advantages she has from nature, “ has been taught to read and converse with ease and propriety;” who can read, spell, and speak English ; may not be as justly feared by half the pretty fellows of this age, as if she could read and understand Latin ?

I do not allow, that, because a man is superficial, a woman must be so too, for fear she should meet with a husband to whom she may have a superior understanding. Do not you remember whose these words are ? “ What pity it is that true genius and merit should be veiled under the cloud of inactivity and modesty.” — “ Strange ! (adds this favourite of

of mine) that people will lap up their talents, and hide them."

In your Ladyship's, of January 6, you say, "I hate to hear Latin out of a woman's mouth: there is something in it to me masculine. I could fancy such a one weary of the petticoat, and talking over a bottle." But, in this case, will not vanity and conceit shew themselves, where they are predominant, in a man's as much as in a woman's mind? Are there not pedantic men? There are such men. And Miss C—— is an example, that women may be trusted with Latin and even Greek, and yet not think themselves above their domestic duties. But, after all, I contend not that women should be taught either of these languages; nor do I hold languages to be learning, as I hinted in my former. A linguist and a learned man may very well be two persons. Meantime, all that I contend for, is, that genius, whether in men or women, should take its course:

that, as a ray of the divinity, it should not be suppressed. But I acknowledge that the great and indispensable duties of women are of the domestic kind; and that, if a woman neglects these, or despises them, for the sake of science itself, which I call learning, she is good for nothing.

But would you not, Madam, have called me by some hard name, had I supposed the sex, in general, so conceited, so self-sufficient, so naturally weak in judgement, as you do? and had I asserted, that the more they knew, the worse would they be for it? I believe, I have observed in a former, that neither of us will let any one but ourself speak slightly of the sex.

I am satisfied, Madam, with what you say about changing of names. I may as well be satisfied, as to be assured that, if I am not, I have no remedy; "and that you do not care, and that positively you will have your own humour." Upon my word, Madam!—But, pray tell me, have you

you not all this time appeared to me in disguise? You must certainly be a learned lady, in your own sense of the word, learned; I mean only as to positiveness. Be pleased, however, to remember, that you have done this without act of parliament, and that you have not very good example for it. Lovelace was a great name-changer.

“ You are ready to call Sir Roger names for his goodness in taking my part;” and yet, my good Sir Roger, this your favour to me is all owing to your goodness to the absent. I own that I am very spiteful sometimes. I have the boldness, the wickedness, to say severe things against the sex, on purpose to provoke my Lady; and, with a little art in the provocation, to make her speak, or rather write, in their favour: for really sometimes she is not near so kind to them as I am.

But you would have me set about reforming my own sex. Dear lady! you

make me smile! Why, I attempted to draw a good woman; and the poor phantom has set half her own sex against her. The men more generally admire her, indeed, because bad men, as I have quoted above from Lovelace, admire good women. But with some of the sex she is a prude; with others a coquet; with more a saucy creature, whose life, manners, and maxims, are affronts to them. Mr. Fielding's Sophia is a much more eligible character. What think you, Madam, was my return to two different ladies, who, unknown to, and but little acquainted with each other, sent me, the one, a letter, accusing Clarissa for a coquet; the other, taking her to task as a prude? Why, to send to each the other's letter for a full answer of her's. And so I lost, at setting out, two correspondents, and, what was worse, my two letters; for I never could get them back, and had taken no copies of them; and there were some curious strokes

strokes in both : but the ladies have ever since been well acquainted.

As to your charming cabinet, of which I signified the safe receipt at the time, you have added a new care, as well as delight, to my wife. It is at present put in her chamber till a case can be made for it, she not thinking that which I have worthy of it. She will let nobody lift it but herself.

You would be pleased were you to see her in the attitude into which she generally puts herself, when she has brought it down, and placed it on the spinnet, Polly usually marching down before her, to open doors and clear the way. As soon as she has put it down, she bridles, steps two or three paces backward, for reverence sake, and to give an example to her visitors, lest they should go near, and put forth a finger to it. Then she folds her fingers, her head now inclining to her right, now to her left shoulder, admiring it : And is it not a sweet piece of work, Madam? Do
not

not touch it, Miss, for the world ! Mr. Richardson, pray hasten the glass-case. See what ladies can do, Mr. —. And then she enjoys their praises ; and is best pleased with that person of the company who praises it most. She gives them the history of the package, and approaches it again : points to the particular beauties : then, Polly preceding her as before, to clear the way, she takes it by its two rings, and, with careful feet, carries it up, and replaces it in the case, renewing her injunctions to me, at her coming down, to hasten the case that she will have made for it, and which, for want of proper workmen at North-End, will not be done so soon as she wishes it.

Dear Madam, your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

North-End, March 24.

“CAN scarcely endure the sight of my Pamela!” — Poor Pamela! — But I thank you for excusing her confident stare, and for receiving her once more into favour.

But my Harriot! — and do you, can you like the girl? I have designed her to keep the middle course, between Pamela and Clarissa; and between Clarissa and Miss Howe; or rather, to make her what I would have supposed Clarissa to be, had she not met with such persecutions at home, and with such a tormentor as Lovelace. She interests her readers so far, as to make them wish her to have a good man.

But who is the good man that you think you see at a little distance? — In truth he
has

has not peeped out yet. He must not appear till, as at a royal cavalcade, the drums, trumpets, fifes and tabrets, and many a fine fellow, have preceeded him, and set the spectators agog, as I may call it. Then must he be seen to enter with an eclat; while the mob shall be ready to cry out huzza, boys !

I must own that I now just begin to think that I could do something ; and yet the doctrine of moderate rakery, that is to say, the fear I have, that a good man must have a tame appearance, must not a little dishearten me. Do you, Madam, find some faults, that I may make what is already done more perfect. — How should I know ladies' minds, ladies' foibles, ladies' secret thoughts? How shall a man obscurely situated, never delighting in public entertainments, nor in his youth able to frequent them, from narrowness of fortune, had he had a taste for them ; one of the most attentive of men to the calls of his business ;

business ; his situation for many years producing little but prospects of a numerous family ; a business that seldom called him abroad, where he might in the course of it see and know a little of the world, as some employments give opportunities to do ; naturally shy and sheepish, and wanting more encouragement by smiles, to draw him out, than any body thought it worth their while to give him ; and blest, (in this he will say blest,) with a mind that set him above a sought-for dependence, and making an absolute reliance on Providence and his own endeavours. How, I say, shall such a man pretend to describe and enter into characters in upper life ? How shall such a one draw scenes of busy and yet elegant trifling ?

Miss M. is of opinion, that no man can be drawn, that will appear to so much advantage as Harriot : I own that a good woman is my favourite character ; and that I can do twenty agreeable things for her,

her, none of which would appear in a striking light in a man. Softness of heart, gentleness of manners, tears, beauty, will allow of pathetic scenes in the story of the one, which cannot have place in that of the other. Philanthropy, humanity, is all that he can properly rise to. And glorious indeed are those qualities in a man.

But when you say, that you know "that I do not expect corrections and amendments from you, though I am so humble as to say so" — How is that, dear lady! I must be humble indeed, and humbled too, if you think me capable of such a conceited fib. Pray, Madam, correct and amend Harriot, to make me amends.

Poor Nancy is in a poor way, still. We are apprehensive of the worst. We indulge her in all her wishes, and even humours, as a valetudinarian. She is excessively fond of North-End. But when, at the latter end of the week, worn out with business,

siness, I fly thither for recess, the dear child's illness, and my indifferent prospects as to her, sit heavy upon me. Yet she lives in hope of seeing me, as usual, every week. — Children, good children, are not always comforts. — Were I to proceed with Harriot, shall I give her children? — Do you not think that your whole undivided love and Sir Roger's, to each other — but I will not push this question. Yet, of this I am sure, that you have both been saved abundance of tears, cares, anxieties, were your children, if you had had any, to have proved ever so hopeful.

I am, my dear Lady Bradshaigh, with equal gratitude and respect,

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 29, 1751.

SIR,

You are very provoking — you will not understand me. You said, without making any exceptions, that to have the dress and address of a rake, they must appear impudent, and curse and swear, and behave like monkeys. Now, I have often seen rakes behave with the strictest decency, though with a well-bred gaiety. What I would ask is, If there are not rakes who, in modest company, can appear like modest men, and with a genteel, easy, politeness? The dress and address of such a man, without his vices, is what I would recommend to the sober men, who are too often formal, and disagreeable in their manner, for want of a liberal education. And have I not before said, and I think with regret,

gret, that a man could not be educated as a gentleman ought to be, (such are the evil habits of men!) without being infected with vices below truly great men, though custom has so familiarized them to the gentleman? More's the pity! But would a good man be the worse for carrying the outside of such a one as I mean? Would it hurt a man's morals, to have the appearance of even *Lovelace*, as Miss Howe describes him at Colonel Ambrose's ball? Let me see—I will give you her words:—“So little of the fop, yet so elegant and rich in his dress! His person so specious, his air so intrepid! So much meaning and penetration in his face! So much gaiety, yet so little of the monkey! Though a travelled gentleman, yet no affectation! No mere toupée-man, but all manly! And his courage and wit—the one so known, the other so dreaded!” Now, Sir, I suppose this was designed to be thought an amiable appearance, do not you think it was?

You

You answer yes. Well, then, to this body let us join a great and good soul—and pray, Sir, what fault have you to find with the union? Might not your starch, and your weeping, your whining Hickmans and Ormes, be as valuable with such an appearance, as with the contrary? Ask either Miss Howe or Miss Byron. I durst venture to put the question to a Clarissa.

You write my words, without taking my meaning, or you would not have been so startled. Is a bad person, a bad address, necessary to complete a good man? Nor do I pretend to say is the contrary. But, to draw a hero, I believe you will think it expedient to give him personal qualifications, as well as moral, though of less consideration. Nor would a sensible, moral man, be proud of his appearance, or be a self-admirer.

The address I wish to have imitated. I wish, not because it is that of a rake, but because it is that of a man who has seen the world,

world, and has had opportunities of improving himself. Have not I, over and over, lamented the wicknedness of your sex; that you could not obtain that improvement, without suffering a corruption of morals? And who says this? "A man's morality is often the price paid for travelling accomplishments."

I absolutely deny, that, from what I have said, you can with justice pronounce that I *allow* of moderate rakery. I could not so far belie my heart. And then such things do you say, strengthened with your lines, and your double lines, that — just now I cannot abide you! I shall not talk of forgiveness, in hours, for I cannot forgive you, I know not how long.

How you make me hate and despise old Cibber! You seem to think I am pretty much in his way of thinking. Thank you, Sir! I laugh not at what he laughed at; nor should he have laughed me out of countenance, though I might have blushed with

with indignation. Where does he find the doctrine, that men may be criminal without being censurable? In his own corrupt heart. I believe, indeed, he is a perfect stranger to the most excellent of doctrines. He does not search too narrowly, for fear of finding that all crimes are not only censurable, but punishable. With what a heart does he stand upon the brink of that grave that is gaping to devour him! *He* draw a good man! A despicable wretch! *He* noted for his address! Yes; he was noted for the most finished coxcomb that ever humanity produced, as well off the stage as on, where he so often ridiculed his own character. And this is the man whose dress and address you think I shall approve! Well, Sir, I only say, that if I have not a capacity to make myself understood, pray let the subject drop; for, you know me not. But I am a fool for being so serious; for your misconstructions are wilful. Surely they must be

be so, or I have very ill expressed my thoughts. And all this has arisen from my saying, the dress and address of a moderate rake, that is, of a well-bred man, was the most agreeable. And so I say still. And if for that I deserved cutting to pieces, you will now perhaps think proper to grind me to powder.

Pray, Sir, let me beg, if I have not lost all my interest, that you will never name your good man again to that old irreclaimable sinner of seventy-nine. His vile opinion will taint the character. Vice, in youth, is not excusable ; but in old age it is unpardonable. These are my thoughts, as naughty as I am.

Good, dear Mrs. Richardson, I thank you for taking the poor sufferer's part, when the angry soul could boast he had cut me to pieces. Do you think he was but in jest ? Between you and me, though I would not directly tell him so, I do not mind him of two straws. His razor cuts

so fine, that it gives more pleasure than smart : and, being so well acquainted with the metal, it rather encourages me to offend. It is but a scolding bout ; and, if occasion, a submission ; and then a reconciliation.

I think we pretty nearly agree, as to learning in women. And I was glad to find our opinion corresponding with an author esteemed by the judicious. In the letters of Balzac to Mr. Chapelain, are the following words : "I could more willingly tolerate a woman with a beard, than one that pretends to learning. In earnest, had I authority in the civil government, I would condemn all those women to the distaff, that undertook to write books, that transform their souls by a masculine disguise, and break the rank they hold in the world."

Should the warmth of my solicitude engage you in any thing that you might, hereafter, have reason to repent of, I think
I could

I could never forgive myself. You at first terrified me with your question ; but I was again encouraged, when I recollected it proceeded from modesty, and a diffidence of yourself that no other person can have, if you heartily and in good earnest set about a new piece.

I can, I do, like your Harriot ; and I doubt not of her being a general favourite. I believe I was mistaken, as to the distant view of the good man ; though, a good man would shine a great way off, amongst the present race of men. I shall wait for him with great impatience, and shall have my mouth open, to cry huzza ! upon his very first appearance. But why must a good man have a tame appearance ? It sounds so like a thing that will fetch and carry. I am sure every good man is not a Hickman or an Orme. But now it comes out — you begin to think “if it were not for your nervous maladies:” How

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that

that blasts my hopes, dear Sir ! Go on,
and prosper, prays

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

P. S. The true state of a pity-moving case, recommended to the author of *Clarissa* :

The die was cast for chaining a fair young lady to a man she hated. *Clarissa*-like, she declared her unconquerable aversion, to father, mother, and every intimate friend ; frankly told her lover, she would rather die than marry him. This gentleman, blinded by passion, (in every other respect, esteemed a very sensible man) flattered himself with imagining he could gain her affections, by making an indulgent, tender husband ; and insisted on having the match concluded. Accordingly, this ill-suited couple were yoked together. Her Harlowe-hearted parents,
deaf



deaf to entreaty, unmoved by the young lady's prayers and tears, forced her to give her hand where she could not bestow a repugnant heart.

This reluctant obedience (fatal marriage!) is attended with miserable consequences — nothing less, on her part, than frantic extravagance and attempted elopement. The unhappy husband's woful distress and deep melancholy is aggravated by a suspicion that his wife intended to poison him. Upon the discovery of this terrible affair, she was closely confined, till a resolution was taken, (not less barbarous than the cruelty that caused her distraction), which was, to banish this object of compassion to some remote part of the world. Accordingly, the poor creature was hurried away — is actually sent to a little town in France — compelled to live there, for, in case she quits that place, she is not to receive one penny, to support her.

This melancholy story is matter of fact. Many distressful circumstances I have omitted. There are, it seems, barbarian parents, who call themselves Christians, and are styled Right Honourable ; for, this unfortunate lady is an Irish Lord's daughter, and, probably, she is the first banished female.

I could wish this tragic story might employ Mr. Richardson's inimitable pen : he can handle the subject properly : he may wring compassion from stony hearts, by giving the public a history of this fair exile.

In reading Clarissa's sad story, I thought it scarcely possible that there could be such a father as old Harlowe is there represented. Can parents be such inhuman monsters? The above story has convinced me there are such tyrants. Are not such parents answerable for any misconduct in the child they have cruelly distressed? I charge all woful consequences to their account.

count. They are more wicked, infinitely worse, than a Lovelace.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Sir, upon surmounting the difficulty you expected to meet with, as to refusing a challenge. The lines you sent me, of Dr. Young's,* ought to convince you, as you have done him, that the only difficulty you can meet with is the prevailing with yourself to think the difficulty is over when once you endeavour to overcome it; for, so it is, in fact.

And so Sir Charles is the man! I make him one of my very best courtesies, and say all the handsome things that ought to be said, upon being introduced to an ac-

* What moral grandeur fills the well-wrought scene,
A sword *undrawn* makes mighty Cæsar's mean.

F 3 quaintance

quaintance so agreeable. I shall be impatient to know more of him. I "tell you what I would have done!" Dear Sir, ask your own mind what I would have done: the dictates of that must be what I would have done.

You do, at last, approve of what I say of Hickman and Orme. Very well. What a life had I to make you own you understand me! But the trial, you think, "is not, Whom a lady would prefer for a conversible friend; but, Whom she would chuse for a husband."

A husband, I think, should never be chosen without a view to a conversible friend (though, too often, it is very little thought of); but I believe all people have valuable and conversible friends that they could not think of marrying. "You have taken it into your head, that a certain lady," &c. Why, Sir, you have taken the wrongest things in the world into your head. The lady never did balance, never
kept

kept the gentleman in suspense, was not at all naughty; she could not be persuaded to marry, till she had a mind to change her condition; the *no* was a positive no, for the Lord knows how long, without expecting he would wait for the change in her mind. However, the time came when she did change her mind; and then the *yes* was a positive yes. No balancing, no suspense, in all this; for, as she was determined not to marry young, she would not allow herself time to deliberate. You know who says, "The woman that deliberates, is lost." And I have some reason to think it true; for I knew a grave lady who was one of those who boldly declared, Nobody should ever prevail with her to marry: she was married to devotion, and devotion at last married her to a mortal man; for, looking one day into a book she had been using, I found a leaf doubled down at a prayer, the title of which was, *For one who deliberates*

about marriage. From which time, I gave her up, and laughed at her resolutions : and indeed, in a very short time, she gave up herself. You may be sure, she had my approbation for so doing. You know what a friend I am to matrimony.

But to return to your question. The lady bids me tell you, the gentleman's person and manner were not disagreeable to her ; had they been so, she never would have married him, however deserving he might have been, otherwise : nor could she have married the most valuable man upon earth, with a disgust to his person ; tho' she holds no more necessary, than not to dislike the person. But her chief motive was, she was pretty sure of his affection and esteem, and of her own for him ; and, upon the whole, thought him the man she could live happily with ; in which she was not mistaken ; and for which I thank God, for I love her equally with myself, and her husband better. I am not sure whether
that

that is not rather too extravagant an expression; nor can it be known, without some severe trial.

I doubt, Sir, I am guilty of repetition. Something like this paragraph I have written before.

Indeed, Sir, you make your sex very sad creatures, by saying that "Pride and triumph are the meaning of the urgency they use to make a woman declare her love." I would fain hope it is sometimes done purely out of the lover's desire to hear himself pronounced the happy man by a valuable woman he loves. The sincere, the generous, and the grateful heart, would surely overflow with an humble sense of the obligation, and not grow arrogant upon her indulgence: but, should that be the case, I hope you think there are women, who, after they have been prevailed upon to declare their love, might leave themselves power to resent, upon occasion, and not think that they were under any obligation

F 5

to

to enlarge their indulgence. I know, I would never consent to marry a man that I thought was not to be trusted with the acknowledgement of my love: but she must be a tame fool, who would suffer a man, after such acknowledgement, to behave as if he had made her a dependent for what he ought to own an obligation. "A woman should always leave herself the power of granting something," and also of retracting. I am by no means for an unlimited declaration, or unalterable engagement, till made so by the priest.

I know Lovelace talks like a profligate: but he never knew the blessing of being secure of a truly virtuous woman; nor had he worth to know how to value such a one. For all his wisdom, there are lovers who can shew ardours after being secure: but, if ardour is what the ladies love, let them beware of marrying rakes.

What I heard in disfavour of the lady whose story I sent you, was, that, upon
her

her declared dislike to the gentleman, he desisted, telling her, he would be miserable all his life rather than make her so a day: which generosity in time conquered her heart, as she pretended, which she gave him to understand, and that she preferred him to all the world. In a little time they were married, when she took the first opportunity to declare she hated her husband, and only married him to be her own mistress, which she knew his easy nature and love for her would suffer, as I hear it said; for he gave a loose to her extravagance, putting the most favourable constructions upon her actions, very near the most criminal, if not quite so: in short, I never heard of a more unbounded generosity and indulgence. It is said, she offered herself to elope with a certain Lord, but he rejected the offer; upon which she attempted bribing a man to poison her husband; and then they parted. Which of the stories are true I do not pretend

tend to say : very likely there may be partiality on both sides.

A few days ago I was pleased with hearing a very sensible lady greatly pleased with the Rambler, No. 97.* She happened to be in town when it was published ; and I asked if she knew who was the author ? She said, it was supposed to be one who was concerned in the Spectators, it being much better written than any of the Ramblers. I wanted to say who was really the author, but durst not, without your permission.

I had occasion to write to the poor Magdalen lately, having got her a place, in which she must have been happy ; but, as the lady was going to make a long stay in Cornwall, where the poor creature was known, and had often been seen, she declined accepting it, saying, she had not the confidence to appear where she must every

* Written by Mr. Richardson.

day

day see people that would despise, perhaps insult her. Had she accepted the place, should I have let the lady into her story? Pray give me your opinion. I had thoughts of doing it, and yet I was afraid; for the lady is single, and I fancy near sixty. You guess, Sir, what I was afraid of. However, this lady is one of the excellent, and I think would have inclined to the charitable side.

I find I have finished two sheets, and positively I will not begin another, for I could not send it empty away.

I am, Sir,

your obliged and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 16, 1751.

YOUR Greville, I find, is to be of the Lovelace order, a libertine of humour, something agreeable; but ought not to be a favourite: do you take care of that. This letter—Fie upon you! Why would you write it so well?—To be sure, there is enough in it to make one dislike the character; but who can help being pleased with wit and humour? I doubt I must like to hear him talk for half an hour, though I shall hate his character: but you will give me leave to admire his dictator. But who can this Lady Frampton be, to whom he writes with so little reserve? Some good sort of a middle-aged body, allowing for the sallies of youth, and that can bear to hear a young fellow rattle, without

without putting on a formidable vinegar face, though not without shewing disapprobation occasionally. Fenwick appears insignificant. But the gentle, whining, sober Hick—I mean Orme! I will love him, that is a determined point. Upon reperusing this letter, there appear too many repetitions.

You are very near making Miss Byron chuse a single life. I was glad to see—"if I find not, in the interim, a man," &c. Now, Sir, I shall insist upon your giving the preference to the married state, since you can so well inform us how to make it preferable.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are mistaken, I will take upon me to say. "Poor Mr. Orme!"—He may be poor Mr. Orme; but he is not the happy man, any farther than friendship and pity will make him so. Would Miss Byron make us believe—No, no—Whining—The man!—No, indeed, shall

shall he not ! But I will love him, for all that, though he shall not be your hero.

Is not Miss Byron rather too young to think herself able to correct Miss Darlington, as to her poetical pieces, though she was sure of its being taken ever so kindly ? She pleads, indeed, her grandpapa's instructions, by way of excuse.

Admirable ! if not too highly so for twenty years of age. I have heard that fault found with Clarissa. I, who was a strange unthinking girl at those years, which, at this day, I very well remember, may think the character more unnatural than one who is of a graver turn ; but, as the design is to shew us what we ought to be, it will, I believe, answer all objections. And, now I think of it, I had a sister, that, before that age, read divinity, and all grave books ; remembered what she read, lectured me for saying short prayers, and talked like a sage old woman.

Here

Here are so many proper characters introduced, and such a foundation to work upon, that it would be downright idle neglect not to proceed in the building.

What a detestation of masculine manners is felt from the bold Barneveldt. Pray, Sir, make her a huntress, and say a great deal about that. I have lately been offended with a parcel of young ladies, followers of that unwomanly diversion, whose conversation, especially after a chase, has turned upon dogs and horses, leaping hedges, and tumbling into ditches. Would it not provoke a woman, or a man of delicacy, to hear a lady, perhaps proud of her unbecoming knowledge, describe the particular beauties of a horse? One cries, "it has a fine forehead;" another, "his quarters are good;" a third, "he shews as much blood as most horses I have seen;" and the fair Barneveldt, who a great hunter, I know her well, cracking her long whip, her cap saucily cocked,

ed, cries, "I think my Mercury outstript the wind to-day. You heard of my fall? from which I find no bad effects. I was quite stunned for some time, indeed. The first thing I was sensible of, was my being in the colonel's arms, my head reclined on his breast. I believe he is a very good nurse, for I was told he took great care of me."

All this, Sir, have I heard; and from virtuous and good women, I verily believe; with an impatient mind have I heard it, yet not always silently impatient, though ineffectually so; for they are like their dogs (I the poor hare) in full cry, till they have hunted me down.

"What! not shew me the good man, after so much talk about him? I know you have him in one hand, just going to say, "Madam! this is—and now he is introduced."—I will not say how I like him, because you and I do not quite agree about first appearances. I am willing to think

think Miss Byron happened to see him first at church, and was struck with his behaviour. Who would not? To see a man, in person like Lovelace, in an act of sincere devotion: only think of that! Sincerity is easily distinguished in an open countenance. He did, indeed, in the time of psalm singing, fix his eyes so attentively upon Miss Byron, that it occasioned a blush of the deepest die; and he also blushed, to think he had put a lady out of countenance. Miss Byron was not displeased to see him bow to Mr. Reeves, after service, because, thought she, I shall like to be acquainted with this man only for his goodness, that is all. It seems, he was an acquaintance of Mr. Reeves's, just returned from travel.

You are so kind to say, Sir, the power I have over you has drawn you thus far into this reluctantly-undertaken beginning. Give me not reason, then, to lament the loss of that power; but, however, I
ought

ought to be thankful for the pleasure you have already given me; and will hope— Do, Sir, encourage me to hope? You will do so, I will imagine: then, God speed your work.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

YOUR Ladyship's fears for my health are indeed very kind. Whatever be the occasion, I cannot say; but I have passed more than a month of grievous and incapacitating suffering. Behind-hand with all my correspondencies; and almost careless of business. Could I have proceeded with Harriot and *your* good man (*your's* he is—he owes the existence he has to you), I should have been better.

What

What I meant was, that I have no thoughts, were I to finish this new piece, of having it published in my life-time. The success of a writer's work is better insured, when the world knows they can be troubled with no more of his.

I repeat, that you must tell me what you would have done. And why will you not? I am a very irregular writer: can form no plan; nor write after what I have preconceived. Many of my friends wonder at this: but so it is. I have not therefore that encouragement to proceed, that those have, who, forming an agreeable plan, write within its circle, and go on step by step with delight, knowing what they drive at. Execution is all they have to concern themselves about, having the approbation of their friends of their plan, and perhaps helped by those friends to incidents or enlargement. But I often compare myself to a poor old woman, who, having no bellows, lays herself down
on

on her hearth, and with her mouth endeavours to blow up into a faint blaze a little handful of sticks, half green, half dry, in order to warm a mess of pottage, that, after all her pains, hardly keeps life and soul together. This stick lights, that goes out ; and she is often obliged to have recourse to her farthing candle, blinking in its shove-up socket ; the lighter up of a week's fires. Excellent housewife, from poverty !

And do not you think, Madam, that invention, execution, expression, are too much to be left to the moment ? And will you refuse me the help of your waxen taper, when my candle is just burnt out ?

But have I stept over any of your Ladyship's paragraphs, in my last, that you expected me to observe upon ? — Pray, Madam, let me know which they are.

Did your Ladyship ever hear of the girl's
contrivance

contrivance who could write only the letter *I*, to let her lover know that she consented to be his ; they living at a distance from each other.

The young fellow had long courted her, both in person and by letter. He made the parson of his town acquainted with his passion ; who, knowing them to be an honest pair, wished to see them coupled. After the great uncertainty she had kept him at, he writes a letter, requiring her, as for the last time of asking, to answer, whether she would, or would not, have him ; and this by his friend the parson's advice. But how was he offended and surprised, when he found returned a blank paper, folded up as a letter, inclosing only a bit of wool. He hastened with indignation, supposing himself mocked, to his friend the parson ; vowing that he would have no more to say to her : when the parson, looking narrowly into the letter, found written the letter *I* ; and, putting the
wool

wool to it, made *I wool* : bad orthography, but not worse than some write for *I will*. And the young fellow was pacified ; and, marrying soon after, had reason to rejoice in this instance of his mistress's invention.

Now, Madam, I expect, that you will make great use of this instance, in opposition to Balzac's notions against the necessity for women's learning. But I love sometimes to furnish arguments against myself. To say truth, I never can esteem your author for the passage you have quoted from him. It is, I will venture to say, a rash, a silly, an unjust passage in him ; and written in the security of a man's heart, who thought he might write any thing. I am no enemy to the distaff ; but the woman who writes a book, breaks not thereby the rank she holds in the world. The pen is almost as pretty an implement in a woman's fingers, as a needle. He might have said, of a Thalestris armed with a spear, and falchion, and equipped with a breast-

breast-plate, helmet, and shield, that she transformed her soul by a masculine disguise; but were I to chuse the attitude that I would have one of the dearest of my lady-correspondents drawn in, it should be with a pen in her hand, in the act of writing, and I know to whom. Madame Sevigne, Madame Dacier, the Marchioness of Lambert, three of that writer's countrywomen, wrote more to the purpose a great deal than Balzac.

I am at present engaged with a most admirable young lady of little more than twenty, Miss Mulso, on the subject of paternal authority, and filial obedience, grounded on Clarissa's duty to her persecuting parents and on her dread of her gloomy father's curse. Miss Mulso is a charming writer, and an excellent child to an indulgent father; as affectionate a sister to three worthy brothers. No mother; but had one so worthy, so sensible, that she was to her a great part of the improve-

ment her fine talents have received. Your Ladyship will be charmed with her part of the subject. I have been voluminous in my part ; you know what a prolix writer I am. When I love my correspondents, I write treatises, you know, Madam, rather than letters. What care I for that, if I can but whet, but stimulate ladies, to shew what they are able to do, and how fit they are to be intellectual, as well as domestic, companions to men of the best sense ! The men are hastening apace, dwindling into index, into common-place, into dictionary learning. The ladies, in time, will tell them, what is in the works themselves — only taking care, as I hope, not to neglect their domestic duties ; since, in that case, they would “ lose more credit by what they forego, than they would get by what they acquire.”

When Miss Mulso and I have got through our debate, I shall long to have your Ladyship's opinion of it. How, dear Madam,
should

should I tease you with my stuff, were I near you ! especially now that you have told me, that you can make time. Would to Heaven that I could do so too ! — but I have been lost to my own wishes, till within these three years ! — and now am fallen into the evil days of indifferent health, and nerves so bad, that my body and mind pull different ways, and so tear me between them ! — but no more of that.

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

AH, Sir, I often think, and as often am mortified, at the following words : “ Her delicate and even mind is seen in the very cut of her letters.” What occasion was

G 2

there

there to say that? — However, I have this comfort, that I think I know some uneven minds, that cut very even letters; and I would flatter myself that the contrary may sometimes happen, though I must acknowledge, when I learned to cut letters, no mind upon earth could be more uneven.

I must not pass unnoticed your stinging reflection upon my native and favourite county. My unkind correspondent! How could you — So, for fear of extending the reflection upon the whole sex, poor Lancashire is chosen out for a mark of infamy. I think I am a little inclined to be angry, — Not that I dare forswear the charge; but, methinks, I would rather give each county its share. I verily believe I may as honestly do it, as lay the whole upon this only: So, sex, by your leave, I must prefer justice rather than partiality. I am not so well acquainted with other counties, but I heartily

tily wish they may be better ; but I suspect the vulgar are pretty much the same every where. I believe there are not many coquets, but what would fail in the trial. This is not a reflection upon the sex, Sir, but upon their education. I am sorry I cannot say more for our women ; but I will say for our men what, I believe, cannot be said for the men of every country, and that is, if a woman does fail in the trial, and the consequence appear, the man, who seduced her, seldom or ever refuses marrying her. A poor ignorant, that I was lecturing after a slip of this kind, said, " to be sure she had been faulty ; but, she thanked God, Thomas had made her an honest woman ; and, if *I* would forgive her, she had nothing now to answer for." The extreme simplicity of her words turned all my anger to compassion : I made her sensible whose forgiveness she ought to seek for, gave her a good book, and sent her to preach to Thomas.

You will not give me leave to apologize for the length of my letters. I have been the longer in sending this, because you said you were behind-hand with all your correspondencies ; and it is but fair and just to give you time to do by others, as I wish you would do to me : not but I have had some difficulty in prevailing with myself to forbear making, sooner, an inquiry, concerning which I am very anxious — I need not say it is that of your health, which is very sincerely prayed for by, Sir,

Your obliged and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

You will receive this a post later than I intended, having been prevented finishing it by company ; of which I have had my house full : amongst the rest, Mrs. Palmer, my sister Echlin's only child, and a favourite niece of mine. She is well acquainted

ted with the sad story related to you in my two last, which appeared in such different lights ; and she confirms it, in dis-favour of the lady. The wicked mother, it seems, had proof of the ill conduct of her wicked daughter, which made her so solicitous to marry her to this unfortunate gentleman, whom she did not attempt to poison, but offered to bribe a servant to swear that fact against her, in order to obtain her desire of parting with him, which she could not obtain by her extravagance, nor by transgressing all the rules of virtue and modesty in a most dissolute and public manner : which facts were commonly known, and undeniable ; and prove her still a more perfect brute than I thought her.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

North-End, Dec. 26, 1751.

EVER obliging Lady Bradshaigh ! And was it, could it be, five weeks, almost six, before I paid my duty to my dearest correspondent ? — How proud do you make me by your reproaches ! You tell me you are angry with me ! the first time I have been able to make you so. — Yet, sweet bee of Hybla ! how you sting, when you tell me, that you suppose I would make no excuses for my long silence, because I would not allow of white fibs in myself ! — O my Lady ! how could you, and in the same sentence in which you were gracious ? — but how can I cry out, though hurt, when I revolve the friendly, the condescending, the indulgent motive ?

You have seen in the papers, I suppose,
that

that our friend is married ; may he be happy ! most cordially I wish for it. Not only because he is our friend, but because he is our fellow-creature. “ Much depends upon the lady ; and common sense will not be sufficient to make him so. — She must have sense enough to make him see, that she thinks him her superior in sense,” as you once told me. Proud mortal ! and vain ! — And cannot he be content with the greater pride, as a man of sense would think it, to call a richer jewel than he had before, his, while he is all his own ! — But, such is the nature of woman, if she be not a vixen indeed, that if the man sets out right with her ; if he lets her early know that he is her lord, and that she is but his vassal ; and that he has a stronger sense of his prerogative than of her merit and beauty ; she will succumb : and, after a few struggles, a few tears, will make him a more humble, a more passive wife, for his insolent bravery, and high opinion of himself.

himself. I am sorry to say it, but I have too often observed, that fear, as well as love, is necessary, on the lady's part, to make wedlock happy ; and it will generally do it, if the man sets out with asserting his power and her dependence. And now will your Ladyship rise upon me ! I expect it. And yet you have yourself allowed the case to be thus, with regard to this husband and his wife.

The struggle would be only at first : and if a man would be obstinate, a woman would be convinced, or seem to be so, and very possibly think the man more a man for his tyranny, and value herself when he condescended to praise, or smile upon her.

I have as good a wife as man need to wish for. I believe your Ladyship thinks so.—Yet—shall I say, O Madam ! women love not King Logs ! —The dear creature, without intending contradiction, is a mistress of it. She is so good as to think
me,

me, among men, a tolerably sensible one ; but that is only in general ; for, if we come to particulars, she will always put me right, by the superiority of her own understanding. But I am even with her very often. And how, do you ask, Madam ? why, by giving up my will to her's ; and then the honest soul is puzzled what (in a doubtful case) to resolve upon. And, in mere pity to her puzzlings, I have let her know my wishes ; and then, at once, she resolves, by doing the very contrary to what she thinks them to be. And here, again, I am now and then, but not often, too hard for her. — And how ? — You guess, my Lady. — Need I say, that it is by proposing the very contrary to what I wish ; — but so much for King Log and his frog. How apt are we to bring in our own feelings, by head and shoulders, as the saying is, when we are led to it by cases either similar or opposite to our own !

But one word more of the gentleman,
if

if you please. He may already, if not confoundedly tired of beauty (sameness is a confounded thing to a lover of variety) be growing prudent: since, I am told, that he begins to think of retiring somewhere, in order to save expense.

I was sure your Ladyship would be pleased with the generosity of my hero, as shewn in the two letters I sent you. You blame me for not thinking of publishing in my life-time. You deny me assistance; you depend upon the poor old woman's blinking light; yet I wish I had had the flash of your torch to light me. If, in boisterous weather, a flambeau will not stand it, what can a rush-light do?

Your Ladyship asks me if I would publish, if my writing ladies would give me each a letter? Remember, say you, "that we have you in our power." Well, Madam! then you will allow me to stop till you do.

Tell you sincerely, which do I think,
upon

upon the whole, men or women, have the greatest trials of patience, and which bears them the best? You mean, you say, from one sex to the other only?—What a question is here. Which? why women, to be sure. Man is an animal that must bustle in the world, go abroad, converse, fight battles, encounter other dangers of seas, winds, and I know not what, in order to protect, provide for, maintain, in ease and plenty, women. Bravery, anger, fierceness, occasionally, are made familiar to them. They buffet, and are buffeted by the world; are impatient and uncontrollable. They talk of honour, and run their heads against stone walls, to make good their pretensions to it; and often quarrel with one another, and fight duels, upon any other silly thing that happens to raise their choler; with their shadows, if you please.

While women are meek, passive, good creatures, who, used to stay at home, set
their

their maids at work, and, formerly themselves—get their houses in order, to receive, comfort, oblige, give joy to, their fierce, fighting, bustling, active protectors, providers, maintainers—divert him with pretty pug's tricks, tell him soft tales of love, and of who and who's together, and what has been done in his absence—bring to him little master, so like his own dear papa, and little pretty miss, a soft, sweet, smiling soul, with her sampler in her hand, so like what her meek mamma was at her years! And with these differences in education, nature, employments, your Ladyship asks, whether the man or the woman bears more from each other? Has the more patience? Dearest lady! how can you be so severe upon your own sex, yet seem to persuade yourself that you are defending them?

What you say of a lover's pressing his mistress to a declaration of her love for him, is sweetly pretty, and very just; but,
let

let a man press as he will, if the lady answers him rather by her obliging manners than in words, she will leave herself something to declare, and she will find herself rather more than less respected for it: such is the nature of man!—A man hardly ever presumes to press a lady to make this declaration, but when he thinks himself sure of her. He urges her, therefore, to add to his own consequence; and hopes to quit scores with her, when he returns love for love, and favour for favour: and thus “draws the tender-hearted soul to professions which she is often upbraided for all her life after,” says your Ladyship. But these must be the most ungenerous of men. All I would suppose, is, that pride and triumph is the meaning of the urgency for a declaration which pride and triumph make a man think unnecessary; and perhaps to know how far he may go, and be within allowed compass. A woman, who is brought to own
her

her love to the man, must act accordingly towards him; must be more indulgent to him; must, in a word, abate of her own significance, and add to his. And have you never seen a man strut upon the occasion, and how tame and bashful a woman looks after she has submitted to make the acknowledgement? The behaviour of each to the other, upon it and after it, justifies the caution to the sex, which I would never have a woman forget—always to leave to herself the power of granting something; yet her denials may be so managed as to be more attractive than her compliances. Women, Lovelace says, and he pretends to know them, are fond of ardours; but there is an end of them when a lover is secure. He can then look about him, and be occasionally, if not indifferent, unpunctual, and delight in being missed, expected, and called to tender account, for his careless absences; and he will be less and less solicitous about giving

giving good reasons for them, as she is more and more desirous of his company. Poor fool! he has brought her to own that she loves him: and will she not bear with the man she loves? She, herself, as I have observed, will think she must act consistently with her declaration; and he will plead that declaration in his favour, let his neglects or slights be what they will.

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.



TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 3, 1752.

I HOPE I shall never be more angry with my valuable correspondent than I appeared to be in my last letter, though you
love

love to make me angry, and you know how vindictive a heart I have; therefore do not provoke me too far. Remember, a woman is never behind-hand in revenge; and how do you think I mean to complete it? even by keeping my temper. If that does not vex you, I know nothing that will.

You ask, "how could I sting, and be so gracious in the same sentence?" Why, because I expected something in answer that would please me, and I was not disappointed. May I never want a sting to draw such honey from your pen.

Can I, do I, "engage your delight with your attention?" May I ever do so; and, I will take upon me to say, I shall never owe you a grain on that score.

Do you really think, Sir, that "prerogative from your sex to our's, early exerted in the married state, will sink most women into mere humble passive wives?" How is this, "if he sets out right?"—
Right!

Right! right! do you call it? Much depends upon the various tempers on both sides. Without being a vixen, indeed, a woman may behave with dignity, and yet with duty, and, at the same time, despise the man who is mean enough to remind her of his prerogative, and that she is his *vas*..... — What is the ugly word? — I do not understand it. — Why will you write Greek to the unlearned? And ignorant I may remain; for the man whose happy wife I am, as he never has explained it, would not willingly do it, were I to ask him. Insolent bravery, however, is plain English, and very properly applied. You have “too often observed (too often, indeed, if ever) that fear as well as love is necessary, on the lady’s part, to make wedlock happy.” I deny not that you may have observed, that a man, by setting out right or wrong, by insolent bravery, and a high opinion of himself, may make fear necessary; nevertheless,

theless, it is a necessity of his own creating, and not from the nature of woman.

What would have become of me, had I married a man who would have endeavoured to lay me under that necessity? Endeavoured, I say; for the bravest, and the most insolent of your insolent sex, could never have brought me to it. I am such a vixen, that, if I loved my husband, I could not fear him. A governor, a parent, a master, I could love, fear, and honour, at the same time; but to my husband, myself, I must be all love, no mixture of fear; certain hatred would attend it.

How can it be said, what would be the way with most women? Where there are variety of tempers, there ought to be, and you have the power to use, variety of methods. But prerogative is the word, and insolence the motive; whilst we have no choice; submission, submission for ever, or we are vixens, perverse opposers, rebels
to

to our sovereigns, to our tyrants — too often synonymous terms. And yet, I will so far allow your observation, that some of us do seem to submit with pleasure to these sovereigns: but then, in my way of thinking, it must be a submission of love, to be called happy in the least degree; not a dispirited fear, like a ——— What is the meaning of that Greek word? I have a notion it is something like servitude: O, aye: ‘Love, serve, honour, and obey.’ No fear, though, is mentioned; thank God, for that; since, if there had, I should certainly have broke my marriage vow, one way or the other. There is something of chaste conversation coupled with fear, but it is no command.

Surely, no woman of common sense could be “convinced the sooner, for a man’s obstinacy” in using her ill; or think him “more a man” for being a tyrant. A fool, a brute, may be a tyrant; and, if a woman is not of the same silly stamp, she
must

must despise him, however he may have brought her to a seeming easiness. We have nothing else for it, when a man is resolved. But then you cannot call it making wedlock happy : hell, indeed, Sir; this world's hell, I call it. There are, who expect their wives to love, serve, honour, and obey, only because they have vowed so to do ; but what men are they ? And what woman could value such from her heart, or be happy with such a man ? — When love is reciprocal, sweet is the bondage, and easy the yoke ; where that is, nothing is wanting ; for ever banished be fear, the bane of happiness in every shape ; at least with one of my temper. We may be fond of power, and it is often our own fault that we have not enough of it : a woman that can seem to despise it, may have it to satiety. And what does this argue ? You perverse souls, what does it argue ?

I do believe, Sir, you have as good a
wife

wife as any man "need to wish for;" and yet — What would you say? Nay, you have said. I will tell, I am resolved. Mrs. R——n, he says you are a mistress of contradiction. In close argument, you give him to understand that you think your judgement superior; that, when you have brought him to declare his wishes, you at once resolve to act directly opposite. Are these things so? Positively, they are not. I cannot believe it, indeed, Sir. I am very sure you would not utter a falsehood, black or white; nevertheless, I cannot believe it. There is some misconstruction; some words, or tone of voice, wrong understood; mistakes on one side or the other: but, in short, she appears to me grossly abused. And yet that cannot be, by the man in whom is no abuse. I know not how to behave between you: if I take her part, she will quarrel with me, I am sure; and if I take your's, so will you too. The third person in matrimonial disputes,
always

always comes off the worst. So God bless you both ! and I advise you to go on in the same way, lest you should change for the worse.

Have you but *now* found out the way to make me an advocate for my sex? You forget, Sir, the same thing has happened before. I believe we have both owned that we love a little contradiction, as a spur to each other. So I am not only like "my wife," but like my wife's husband. In short, and seriously, we are all like one another, in some degree :—if faults we have, we had them from you. I knew a gentleman, who, when he was speaking of any one who had the misfortune to be born of wicked parents, always said, "I have no opinion of him ; he is made of bad stuff." And this puts me in mind of our original, the *rib*, the *rib* ! And there's a *bone* for you to pick ! Pardon the pun, and pertness.

No, Sir, I cannot hope that what I have
said

said will amount to a proof of women's superiority, in goodness, to men ; any more than I hope for an acknowledgement of it without a proof. Nevertheless, as you have more power, and do very often abuse that power, we, without doubt, have more to bear from you, than you from us. Without doubt, I say ; because you cannot make me believe otherwise.

And have I, do you think, "been severe upon my own sex, yet seem to persuade myself that I was defending them ?"

What a blundering brain have I ! For ever producing dirt to be thrown in my own face ! Though, please to hold your hand a little, for I am not yet sensible of what you accuse me. If any being but man could speak, I would allow that being to talk of women's consciences.

I once had some small acquaintance with Lord Orrery, at the time when he was in disgrace with his father, his doating father, as you gently term him — for

he had not so just an excuse as dotage,
for his behaviour to his son.

Your's faithfully,

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

North-End, Feb. 23, 1752.

I KNEW that I should provoke my dear correspondent, by what I wrote of men's setting out right in the marriage warfare ; of governing by fear ; of prerogative early exerted ; and such like strange assertions. But, in the first place, you will be pleased to recollect to whom all this jargon is owing. Is it not to Lady B. herself? Look back, Madam, for the occasion, which was our friend ——'s nuptials : and what a passive, tame soul, you supposed his wife must be, if she wished to be happy. On
this,

this, my indignation arose against tyrants; and I gave it as my opinion, that such would be much more likely to be observed, than the kind, good-natured husband, who made it his study to oblige his wife: and angry, very angry, was I, against such of the sex, as would, either way, give reason for the observation. Had I not been a lover of your wayward sex, I should not have been so warm against them as you take it I was.

Your Ladyship very happily expresses yourself, when you say, "a governor, a parent, a master, I could love, fear, and honour, at the same time; but, to my husband, myself, I must be all love, no mixture of fear; certain hatred would attend it." A husband was formerly thought a governor; you have heard or read that he was called master: he is dearer than a parent, and nearer too. Be pleased to tell me, Madam, why fear should mingle with your love to an indulgent parent,

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and

and produce hatred to a husband? Will you be pleased to shew me in what the two sorts of fear, if two sorts there be, differ? As to the words myself, my husband, myself, they have a pretty sound with them; but they will be found very separable words. In short, that the solemn office that has made them one flesh, has not been able, even in very material cases, to make them one spirit; and, when they differ, if there be not a fear of offending, God help them! God help *the myself!*

“ While they behold their chaste conversation, coupled with fear.” That text had like to have overturned all your Ladyship’s reasoning; and how came you off? Prettily enough; because you were resolved to come off, and could easily convince yourself. It is no command, say you. But, Madam, it is almost as bad for your argument, for it is a supposed unquestionable duty: yet I plead not for fear.

fear. My maxim is love, all love; and yet, when a woman is used to it, she expects it, and so considers it not either as a rarity or an obligation. The man is a quiet, good-natured creature, and loves his peace, and so is loving for his own sake. Strange humility that, which will make a woman think that she can repay the obligation by her acceptance of it! One thing, however, Madam, let me tell you, that, in all our arguments of this nature, I will not allow you to look at home, and determine by yourself. You can know nothing of the world, nor of the argument, if you form your conclusions upon the conduct of a single pair.

And when I have mentioned my wife and *her myself*, it is not that I would reflect upon her, as either designing to be contradictory, or as being unusually so. No, Madam, she falls into it naturally, as I may say, and as if she could not help it. And as *her myself* always prefaces his

requests as if he would take her compliances as favours, he often finds it is but asking for a denial; and why? Because she would demonstrate, that she has as great an aversion to the word fear as the best of her sex; and hesitates not to oppose, as an argument of her fortitude and independence of will. But what will you, who are so vehement against the word and thing, fear, say, if I should assert, that there cannot be love without fear! You say, you could fear a parent, yet honour and love that parent; I would rather, methinks, be the father than the husband of the woman, who could not fear me with the same sort of fear that she could shew to a fond and indulgent parent. And there, to return your Ladyship's words, is a bone for you to pick!

I do not perfectly understand you, Madam, in the following sentence: "We may be fond of power; and it is often our own fault that we have not enough of it,"

it. A woman that can seem to despise it, may have it to satiety. And what does this argue? You perverse souls, what does it argue?"

Again, your Ladyship is a little unintelligible: — "If faults we have (as if you made a question of it, Madam!) we have them from you. — And this, puts me in mind of our original: the rib, the rib." I thought it was Eve that gave the man the apple. I have not my Bible at hand: and I think I remember some such words as these of an apostle: "Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression." — "You have more to bear from us, you say, than we have from you." — To this I wrote largely in my last.

You have not, Madam, a blundering brain: and I hope I have not thrown dirt in my correspondent's face.

Your Ladyship dares me to stop in my new work! You give me leave to stop.

H 4

Your

Your challenge, perhaps, comes in a critical time ; for I am at a part, that it is four chances to one I shall not be able to get over. You cannot imagine how many difficult situations I have involved myself in. Entanglement, and extrication, and re-entanglement, have succeeded each other, as the day the night ; and now the few friends who have seen what I have written, doubt not but I am stuck fast. And, indeed, I think so myself.

I have read through Lord Orrery's History of Swift. I greatly like it. I had the pleasure of telling my Lord himself so, in Mr. Millar's shop, and of thanking him for the pleasure he had given me. He returned the compliment, in relation to *Clarissa* ; and, having heard of my new design, was inquisitive about it. Though my Lord is really in his person and behaviour, as well as in his writings, an amiable man, I join with your Ladyship most cordially
in

in all you say of the author, of the Dean, and of the Dean's savage behaviour to his unhappy wife, and Vanessa ; as it is of a piece with all those of his writings, in which he endeavours to debase the human, and to raise above it the brutal nature. I cannot think so hardly as some do of Lord Orrery's observation ; that the fearful deprivation, which reduced him to a state beneath that of the merest animal, seemed to be a punishment that had terrible justice in it.

Why will you so ungratefully depreciate a pen and a judgement that every one, to whom I have read detached parts of your favours to me, admires ? Take care, Madam, how you make light of talents, of which, while you think meanly, you are not likely to be duly thankful for. Your judgement of the works you have remarked upon are, by all who have heard me read them, thought admirable ;

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and

and shew a heart, as well as a head; for which you cannot be too grateful.

I have not been able to read any more than the first volume of *Amelia*. Poor Fielding ! I could not help telling his sister, that I was equally surprised at and concerned for his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, we should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company ; but it is beyond my conception, that a man of family, and who had some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low, in all his pieces. Who can care for any of his people ? A person of honour asked me, the other day, what he could mean, by saying, in his *Covent Garden Journal*, that he had followed Homer and Virgil, in his *Amelia*. I answered, that he

was

was justified in saying so, because he must mean Cotton's Virgil Travestied ; where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels.

Your's faithfully,
S. RICHARDSON,

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

I CONCEIVE I am not singular in my notion ; and, whether I am right or wrong, with regard to others, I do repeat, (such is my temper,) that if I love my husband, I cannot fear him ; that is, I cannot be afraid of him. I know not whether that is not something different from what you mean by fear.

Your maxim is, " all love ;" and yet say
you,

you, "when a woman is used to it, she expects it, (why should she not?) and so considers it not as a rarity, or an obligation." Those who are fondest of rarities, I believe, would scarcely like their husband's love the better for being so. And the obligation is none, not the least, provided the wife loves, which I have all along supposed.

Every one has his own way of thinking. I thank God, I know a man who differs from you; one who would not wish to have any fear mingled with love. But yet, Sir, to let you see how great a deference I pay to your judgement, if you assert that there cannot be love without fear, I will allow that I may have that fear which is necessary to love, though I am not sensible of it. It appears to me disguised, that is all.

You said, we were "dear lovers of power." I did not deny it, and I thought
it

it our own fault that we had not enough of it.

That fault is, letting you see we are fond of it; for which reason, such is your pride, you will not allow us any, if you can help it.

Why, we have faults, I make no question of it; how should we be faultless, considering our original? Was not woman made of man? from whence then our faults? You knew well enough what I meant by the rib.

I am glad, Sir, you agree with me in admiring Lord Orrery's Swift, because, in that agreement, I think myself justified, and have professed myself his advocate; but, since I wrote to you, a most inveterate outcry has run, like wildfire, against him; and I am sometimes fool enough to think I can stop it, but, alas! the small sprinkling of water, I endeavour to throw upon the flame, only makes it burn with greater fury.

I hear (how true I know not) that there is an answer preparing, by one of the female senate.

Pray give me leave to ask your real opinion; do you think my Lord has been guilty of a breach of friendship? if it was a strict friendship, I am almost afraid of your answer; if only what is commonly called so, from their being agreeable companions to each other, without any professions, I hope he may come off, upon trial.

I told you, in my last, that I had not a better opinion of the Dean, from what my Lord has said of him; but, upon reading it a second time, I think there are but few, if any more, faults laid open, than what were before laid open, even in his own words. And I find many virtues disclosed, which were concealed, at least to a great part of the world.

I have a great mind to know, and I dare say you can satisfy me, what the
Doctors

Doctors Young and Delany say, who I think were both friends to the Dean. If they and you acquit him, I will never give him up ; and if he is not so acquitted, I must still admire his writing ; nay, I am afraid I cannot wish he had not written what perhaps he may be justly censured for ; the Candid Appeal I think will not hurt him much.

I was lately desired, by a friend, to read the small volume, called Pompey the Little, and I begun it without hoping for much entertainment, but was agreeably surprised ; for, in my humble opinion, it is both well designed and well executed.

Cicero I must like, with all his faults. I am sure he had a well-meaning heart, and, doubtless, he is beyond description entertaining. Adieu.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

April 22, 1752.

A SENTIMENT, my dear and good Lady Bradshaigh, may not be absolutely unexceptionable, and yet be very happily expressed. My meaning and my words agreed, when I wrote, that you very happily expressed yourself on the subject of love and fear, as applicable to a parent and a husband.

But you are at a loss how to make me understand you as to the two sorts of fear which you want to distinguish, the one to a parent, the other to a husband. Awe, the word awe, is happily thought of by your Ladyship. "Are we not bred up with awe to a parent? you ask. Certainly, say you; and it is often created by our being sensible we are liable to be corrected."

ed." So, Madam, a wife, (and who is perfect? who wants not some correction?) having no apprehension of being corrected, of being chidden, therefore, cannot fear her husband, as when a child she could a parent! You have most charmingly strengthened my argument: I thank you, Madam. Did I not say, that a mixture of fear with the love was necessary to make an obliging wife? And do you not hint, that, if the wife had the same motive for it as the child had, fear of rebuke, of chastisement, of correction, (by which I mean not stripes, you may be sure—indulgent parents maintain not their authority by stripes,) the husband might be entitled to the same kind of awe that the parent was; and it would be no discredit to the grown-up woman, the wife, to be as much afraid of offending a kind, a good husband, as, when a child, she was of offending a kind, an indulgent parent? I was not wrong, therefore, I think, when

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I asked your Ladyship why fear should mingle with your love of an indulgent parent, (for that was the parent I meant, and not the severe one,) and produce hatred to a husband? You will answer me as above. Your Ladyship knows your answer. The wife has no apprehension of being corrected; if chidden, she can chide again. Nor, as your Ladyship seems to have proved, was I much out of the way, when I observed, from what your Ladyship said of the temper of your then lately-married friend, though I said it with indignation against such tyrant husbands, that such would be much more likely to be observed, than the kind, good-natured man, who made it his study to oblige his wife. Upon the whole, if your Ladyship will give me leave, I will assert, that there hardly can be love without fear—fear of offending. And I repeat, “that I would rather be the father than the husband of the woman who could not fear me with the
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the same sort of fear that she could shew to a fond and indulgent parent." Why, Madam, I can, on the same motives, fear my wife: but, I am not sure, good creature, good wife, as she really is, that I have shewn my prudence in letting her see my fear.

But you say that the woman is under no obligation to her husband for his love, provided she loves. With all my heart, Madam; I will not make distinctions; I will not say that there is a merit in the man's love to a single object, on a supposition that the law of nature discourages not polygamy, and that the law of God no where in his word condemns it. No, I will not; because the law of his country ought to determine him. Why, why, would your Ladyship throw out bones for so spiteful, so vengeful, a man to pick? But may I not ask, that, if the man who loves, loves for his own sake, whether the woman who loves, loves not also the man chiefly

chiefly for her's? Yes, says your Ladyship, methinks; and so the obligation is equal: so be it.

Want of perspicuity is not by any means the fault of your Ladyship's writing: yet I really did not take your meaning in the passage relating to the power that women might have if they sought it. I meant not in that place to provoke you, dearly as I sometimes love to try to make you angry with me, which yet I never could do, though I have very, very often, deserved your anger. Thus you explain yourself;

“ You said, we were dear lovers of power. I did not deny it; and I thought it our own fault that we had not enough of it.” And have not your sex here in England enough of it? That fault is letting you see we are fond of it. Bless me, Madam, should we not feel it, if we did not see it? “ For which reason, such is your pride, you will not allow us
any,

any, if you can help it," adds your Ladyship. If we can help it! that is power with a vengeance, which a wife exerts, and a husband cannot help himself.

"Again unintelligible, says your Ladyship! Fie upon you. Why we have faults, I made no question of it. How should we be faultless, considering our original? Was not woman made of man? From whence, then, our faults?" But, Madam, be so good as to consider, that man, at the time woman was formed out of his rib, was in a state of innocence. He had not fallen. The devil had need of a helper: he soon found one in Eve. But, if I may be forgiven for a kind of pun, you seem to think, Madam, that the faults of men lie in the flesh; the faults of women are deeper—they lie in the bone. I believe you have hit upon it. I love to provoke you, it is true; but I also love to agree with your Ladyship, in material articles. The difference between us, in this point,

point, is, that I confirm by experience what you advance only from conjecture; for, unless you look out of yourself, how should you know that women's faults lie so deep that they must be unformed, and new made up again, to amend them?

The fault of the great author, whose letters to his friend you have been reading, is, that Tully is wholly concerned for the fame of Cicero; and that for fame and for self-exaltation sake. In some of his orations, what is called his vehemence, (but really is too often insult and ill-manners,) so transports him, that a modern pleader, and yet these are often intolerably abusive, would not be heard, if he were to take the like freedoms. This difference, however, ought to be mentioned, to the honour of the antient; he generally, I believe, being governed by the justice of his cause. The moderns too seldom regard that at all; and care for nothing but their fees. But, after all, Cicero's constitutional faults
seem

seem to be vanity and cowardice. Great geniuses seldom have *small* faults.

You have seen, I presume, Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero. It is a fine piece; but the Doctor, I humbly think, has played the panegyrist, in some places in it, rather than the historian. The present laureat's performance on the same subject, of which Dr. Middleton's is the foundation, is a spirited and pretty piece. He makes his observations on the character of Cicero, not by controverting any point with the Doctor; but, taking for granted, as if he had no other lights, every thing that the Doctor advances in his favour.

You greatly oblige me, Madam, whenever you give me your observations upon what you read. Cicero was a prodigy. His works, his genius, will be admired to the end of time. But he was the greatest, the grossest lover, courter of adulation, and one of the greatest dastards, that ever lived. Yet, in the former quality, he
only

only spoke out what many others mean. He was fond of glory : he could not but be conscious of his very great talents. I have often quarrels, arising in my mind, against the affectation of some ingenious moderns, who are always seeking to disclaim merits which, were they in earnest, their modesty would not permit them to publish to the world as they do in the treatises which they give the public. There may be a manly sensibility, surely, expressed, which yet may shew, that though the author of a work, or the performer of a good action, is tolerably skilled in his subject, or can take delight in his beneficence ; yet that he is not proud of understanding or doing what he ought to understand or do, if he pretends to write or to act. I am not a little embarrassed in my new piece, (so I was in my two former,) with the affectation that custom almost compels one to be guilty of : —to make my characters disclaim the merits of the good they do,
or

or the knowledge they pretend to ; and to be afraid of reporting the praises due, and given to them by others, who are benefited either by the act or the example, although the praises given are as much to the honour of the giver's sensibility, as of the receiver's. Does any body believe these disclaimers ? — Does not every body think them affected, and often pharisaical ? and even, their pretences to modesty, are what Lovelace calls, traps laid for praise ? yet custom exacts them ; and who is great enough to be above custom ? I think I would wish that my good man, and even my good girl, should be thought to be above regarding this custom. To receive praise with a grace, is a grace. But it must be so received, as that it should not be thought to puff up or exalt the person in his own opinion. The person praised must shew, that he is sensible he has done no more than his duty ; that he gave

not himself either his talents, or his ability to do good ; and should be the more humble, the more thankful, for those talents, and for that ability. Arrogance, self-conceit, must be banished his heart. Even Lovelace can say, “ if I have any thing valuable as to intellectuals, those are not my own ; and to be proud of what a man is answerable for the abuse of, and has no merit in the right use of, is to strut, like the jay, in a borrowed plumage.”

I really think my Lord Orrery, in his *Life of Swift*, has intended to be laudably impartial. I have no notion of that friendship which makes a man think himself obliged to gloss over the faults of a man whom he wishes not to have great ones. Is it not a strong proof of the sacred authority of the Scriptures, that the histories of David, Solomon, and its other heros, are handed down to us with their mixture of vices and virtues? Lord Orrery says
very

very high and very great things of Swift. The bad ones we knew, in part, before. Had he attempted to whiten them over, would it not have weakened the credibility of what he says in his favour? I am told, that my Lord is mistaken in some of his facts: for instance, in that, wherein he asserts that Swift's learning was a late acquirement. I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate, who was for three years what is called his *chum*, in the following account of that fact: Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning, at the University of Dublin, in his youth, as any of his cotemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made *Terræ-filius*, (Sir Roger will explain what that means, if your Ladyship is unacquainted with the University term) on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the scandal against the Heads of that Uni-

versity that a severe inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse, and, having his *de-cessit*, afterwards got admitted, at Oxford, to his degrees.

I cannot find that my Lord was very intimate with him. As from a man of quality, and the son of a nobleman who had been obnoxious to ministers, no doubt but the Dean might countenance those professions of friendship which the young Lord might be forward to make to a man who was looked upon as the genius of Ireland and the fashion. But he could be only acquainted with him in the decline of the Dean's genius.

My Lord, I think, has partly drawn censure upon himself, by a little piece of affectation. *My friends* will, he says, by way of preface to some of the things that the friends of Swift think the severest. I
was

was a little disgusted, as I read it, at these ill-placed assumptions of friendship in words. I thought these affectations below Lord Orrery, as it seemed, by them, as if he was proud of being thought of, as a friend, by the man, who, whatever his head was, had not, I am afraid, near so good a heart as his own.

Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, and brother to Lord Palmerston, who lately died at Bath, declared, to a friend of mine, that Sir William hired Swift, at his first entrance into the world, to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board, which was then high preferment to him; but that Sir William never favoured him with his conversation, because of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to sit down at table with him. Swift, your Ladyship will easily see by his writings, had bitterness, satire, moroseness, that must

make him insufferable both to equals and inferiors, and unsafe for his superiors to countenance. Sir William Temple was a wise and discerning man. He could easily see through a young fellow taken into a low office, and inclined to forget himself. Probably, too, the Dean was always unpolite, and never could be a man of breeding. Sir William Temple was one of the politest men of his time.

Whoever the lady be, who is so severe upon Lord Orrery, I cannot but think that she is too severe. The story of Swift's marriage, and behaviour to a worthy, very worthy wife, I have been told long before Lord Orrery's history of him came out. It was not, as the angry lady charges, a chimera, but a certain truth. And this I was informed of by a lady of goodness, and no enemy, but to what was bad in Swift. Surely this lady, who calls my Lord to account for his unchristian-like usage of a dead friend, should have shewn a little
more

more of the Christian in her invectives. Near twenty years ago I heard from a gentleman now living, with whom Vanessa lived, or lodged, in England, an account of the Dean's behaviour to the unhappy woman, much less to his reputation than the account my Lord gives of that affair. According to this gentleman's account, she was not the creature that she became when she was in Ireland, whither she followed him, and, in hopes to make herself an interest with his vanity, threw herself into glare and expense; and, at last, by disappointment, into a habit of drinking, till grief and the effects of that vice destroyed her. You may gather from that really pretty piece of his, Cadenus and Vanessa, how much he flattered her, and that he took great pains to gloss over that affair. I remember once to have seen a little collection of letters and poetical scraps of Swift's, which passed between him and Mrs. Van Homrigh, this same Vanessa,

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which

which the bookseller then told me were sent him to be published, from the originals, by this lady, in resentment of his perfidy.

I have not had an opportunity to know what the two Doctors you mention say of Lord Orrery's Life of Swift.

Adieu, dear Madam, your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 19, 1752.

TENACIOUS my good correspondent early pronounced me, and I am so; I find it every day more. — A fresh instance I shall give you, when I say, I am not yet convinced that fear is a necessary ingredient to love. You terrify me by insisting upon it; though, why should I be terrified? for sure I am that I love, and as sure that I do not fear.

How

How is it that I cannot draw a parallel between the fear of a child, and that of a wife? But it will not enter into my head that a good, a tender wife, will ever designedly offend a good, a tender husband. She will resolve not to offend; how can she want correction, then, equally or in comparison with a child, a thoughtless, irresolute child, as all children are? and, as they grow up, the very remembrance of their offences and corrections settles in them a kind of awful fear, that the wife I speak of has nothing to do with. Stripes, dear Sir, stripes never reached my farthest thought. But I will not give you the trouble of answering me again on this subject; I will turn you over to one more worthy of such a disputant. St. John, who, in his first epistle, says,

“There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment: he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.”

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What

What will you say to this, now, I wonder? Not that your argument is strengthened, I hope, for I am as sure it is unanswerable, as that it is written. How glad was I to find it! down it went instantly into my memorandum book, with a broad insulting smile. No, not insulting, but with a smile of triumph; that it was, at least. "Conquest is the joy of woman," as saith the old song: all sorts of conquests.

No, Sir! never, never will I allow that a woman is under obligations to her husband for returning her love. No, not for his intire love.

"You will not make distinctions," you say. What distinctions can you make? Well, but I may ask you, if you always take it for granted, that what is not expressly forbid, is allowable? I verily think, you would have affirmed what you only insinuate, had not the laws of our country came across you. The makers of those

those laws, however, were of a different opinion, for wise and natural reasons, we may suppose.

Do you think that God Almighty did not know what the nature of man would require, when he formed him. And do you think that Adam would not have lost another rib, had polygamy been thought more eligible to the nature of man? And what can fallen, degenerate, corruptible man require, that might not be required by man in his pure, native, and more perfect state?

In this first instance, I think polygamy is forbidden by the action of God, which appears so plain and strong, that words were needless to confirm it.

The power you call "power with a vengeance," is not always so, and as you represent it. A good wife may sometimes steal into more than a husband designed to allow, by an endearing, (not wheedling) behaviour, which will oblige a generous mind to a sort of involuntary acqui-

acquiescence, and to comply, as it were, as if he could not help it.

Whether woman's faults lie in the flesh, or in the bone, it signifies not a farthing; we are bone of your bone, as well as flesh of your flesh, and our faults are your faults; that is, we had them in small detachments from you, consequently they cannot be so strong, but proportionable to the vessel.

To receive praise with a grace, is a grace, as you observe; but it is a difficulty to be attained but by a very few; and, least of all by those who are really modest and diffident of their abilities: there is a great deal required to receive praise properly. If I mistake not, there ought to be a just proportion of dignity and humility, good sense, good breeding, a knowledge of the world and of themselves, and even an outward personal appearance and address is necessary. Do not you think so, Sir? But, after all, I am fond
of

of Cicero. If he was vain, he had greater reason for being so than most men, though no reason can be sufficient, and I make great allowance for his despondencies. Though we must own "adversity was not his shining time," his faults would not have appeared so plain in another man—the bright side of his character is so glaring, it shews the contrast stronger.

I am glad, Sir, you judge so favourably of my Lord Orrery; and, indeed, I am now more inclined to acquit him than I was before. The only question is, whether he ought to have entered upon the task, if he thought himself obliged to expose faults. His adversaries say not. But how, then, should we ever come at the true characters of great men, if we must not receive them from those who know them best? And is not an impartial friend the properest to give such characters? And such characters surely should be given, by way of warning as well as example.

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It is an act of public friendship, to which a private one ought to give place. In short, the Dean established his own character; and he was a man that might be admired, but, in my opinion, could not be esteemed.

I have heard Swift used Lord Orrery in a very unfriendly manner, at a time when his Lordship least expected it, and when he most wanted his friendship. His prefacing some of the severest things with *my friend Swift*, is more a common (though idle) expression than a serious one, though it did hurt me a little.

I believe he was very intimate with the Dean above twenty years ago. My Lord was then a very young man, and might be fond of his notice, and of professing a friendship for so eminent a man. I believe he was one who very early thirsted after wisdom.

Is there, on earth, man or woman, who has not some secret pride in being the
favourite

favourite of a man of sense? I think it is a laudable pride, and springs from a consciousness of having thought and acted right. I will not say there is not a selfishness in this justification, for I will flatter myself that I am a favourite, and I will be proud of it.

The poor boy, in whose concerns you so generously interested yourself, has a prospect of employment. I have heard lately from his mother, and she is in a little better spirits about him. I have, with great difficulty, obtained an additional mite for her, from one of the wealthiest commoners in England. I believe she is as near, if not the nearest, relation he has in the world, on the mother's side; on the father's, I do not believe he has any. Would you believe it, Sir, that a man, childless, who is raking the kingdom through for an heir-at-law, and bears a general good character, can suffer this poor relation often to repeat her supplication for a sub-

subsistence; and even to lie in a sick and despairing condition, and want her daily bread? Can this man deserve the character he bears? Can he have bowels, and be deaf to the miseries of the honest indigent? setting the relationship aside. Let him read the sentiments of his noble and benevolent ancestor in the law.

But, after all, I must say for the gentleman, that I believe his servant neglected applying to him, and so he might be a greater stranger to the poor woman's distress than she thought him; for, when he was properly applied to, he did not refuse joining in a small contribution with others of her relations: and, it being annual, I hope it will enable her to subsist, and provide for her son.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

June 24, 1752.

YOUR Ladyship is sure that you love, and as sure that you do not fear. Bless me, Madam, did I not except, from my general observation, a certain baronet and his lady?

“ A thoughtless irresolute child ;” as if thoughtlessness and irresolution were not to be found in persons grown up !

The wife you describe, the good, the tender wife, who will never designedly offend a good, a tender husband, is not the wife I, any more than your Ladyship, thought of: the generality of the sex I had in my view. And yet I think the fear I meant very compatible with the character of a good, a tender wife; nay, she hardly

hardly can be either good or tender without it.

“ Want correction equally, or in comparison, with a child.” That, Madam, was not what I supposed, though I have known humoured wives more perverse than babies. Nor meant I that stripes should be thought of: and yet in a cause that I once heard argued in the House of Lords, between Sir Cleeve Moore and his lady, who, in resentment of his cruelty, had run away from him, and whom he had forced back, with farther instances of cruelty, I heard a very edifying debate: a cause which was managed by the present Lord Chancellor, then Attorney-General, against the late Lord Chancellor, Talbot, then Solicitor-General, in which the former declaimed very powerfully against Sir Cleeve for his ill usage of his wife. The latter, allowing part of the charge, justified Sir Cleeve by the law of England, which allows a man to give his wife *moderate*

rate correction. The house was crowded with ladies, who, some of them, shrugged their shoulders, as if they felt the correction; and all of them who could look from behind their fans, leered, consciously, I thought, at one another. A pretty doctrine, thought I! Take it among you, ladies; and make your best courtesies when you come home to your emperors.

Well, but your Ladyship turns me over to St. John, who, in his first epistle, says: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment: He that feareth, is not made perfect in love."

Charming! And how your Ladyship exults upon this! "What will you say to this, I wonder?"

Why, Madam, in the first place, I say that this love and this fear, as you will see in the context, are not meant to be the love or fear of an earthly creature, a husband, or that of a wife—but of God.

But

But when another apostle comes, from the same divine spirit, to speak of the duty of wives to husbands, he delivers himself with the authority of a precept:—
“Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your conversation coupled with fear.” This, Madam, is directly *to* wives, and *of* husbands. What now will your Ladyship say to these things? But I am meek; I exult not; no broad smile do I put on; no triumph!

A meek and quiet spirit is enjoined as the principal ornament of a wife; “for, after this manner, says the apostle, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands, even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; whose daughters ye are, as long as you do well, and are not afraid with any amazement,”

ment." There, Madam, is the fear, that a wife should mingle with her love, described. It should be a sweet, familiar fear, looking up to him for encouragement and reward, from his smiles ; and not such a one as should awe, confound, or amaze her —— So much for this subject of love and fear.

"No, Sir, says your Ladyship, never, never will I allow, that a woman is under obligations to her husband, for returning her love ; no, not for his entire love !"— I cannot help it, Madam ; you see what a state of vassalage both the Scripture and the law of the land suppose a wife to be in ; and what stately creatures men are ! But you know that I enforce not this vassalage, this stateliness. This argument was introduced with my declared indignation against the tyranny of a husband, who, of your own knowledge of his temper, you supposed would be a tyrant and expect his sweetly pretty wife to be will-less. A
sad

sad thing, whatever it was of old time (in Sarah's days), when the wives were thought of little account, and the old patriarchs lorded it over half a score good, meek, obedient creatures, to deprive a woman, in these days, of her will! Whence I had the boldness to advance, that it was, however, very likely that the man would have the more obliging wife for it; and I thought your Ladyship, by giving the instance, of the same opinion. Said you not, "that humility only could make her happy?"

Polygamy is a doctrine that I am very far from countenancing; but yet, in an argumentative way, I do say, that the law of nature, and the first command (increase and multiply), more than allow of it; and the law of God no where forbids it. Throughout the Old Testament, we find it constantly practised. Enough, however, of this subject; though a great deal more might be said; more than I wish there

there could, as I think highly of the laws and customs of my country. Have you, Madam, who are an admirer of Milton, read his Treatise on Divorces? You reject his authority. As a poet, do, if you please: poets are allowed to be licentious. But reason ought to weigh, whether from man or woman. Do you not think so, Madam?

Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh — Why, truly, so women are — But, as the best things, corrupted, become the worst, your Ladyship would have a difficulty, if put to it, to prove, that the offspring cannot be worse, when bad, than the parent.

I have overcome, it is true, some difficulties in my new work; but what shall I do, they multiply upon me! ——— Adieu, for the present.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 28, 1752.

SHALL I never get the better of you, in any one argument? No, never, answers my best understanding. And, dear Sir, is not my constantly failing in my endeavours, a deserved punishment for my presumptuous attempts? Yet I must argue, or how should I improve myself? Though you have kindly allowed me an exception to your general rule, you will scarcely allow the excepted to be a judge out of her own case; for she can only form her notions by what she knows, which seem so opposite to your's, that I can hardly hope they will ever meet: and yet I verily think I could meet you half way; but I am not yet in the humour.

The law of England, which gives liberty

ty for a husband to use moderate correction, may be a well-designed law, but left a little too much at large, because there may be very different interpretations of the word moderate, which I think I observed before. There may be wives who stand corrected, and have less occasion for it than their correctors; and there are many husbands much inferior, in capacity and understanding, to the wives they correct. A grating circumstance! But, "wives be in subjection to your own husbands," is an answer to all the hardships and just complaints they can make; and I grant it is the wisest and best method we can take, since we have no redress; and I acknowledge humility is the safest way to happiness, though there are men who would make better husbands to the woman of spirit, than to the meek and gentle. However, the laws are severe, at least in practice; but they were made by men, to justify their tyranny.

VOL. VI.

K

What

What do I care for the patriarchs ! If they took it into their heads to be tyrants, why should we allow them to be worthy examples to imitate ? If we knew all their domestic differences, we should not perhaps find the good women, the household doves you represent them. Sarah, indeed, called her husband lord ; no great matter in that, though I believe she was obedient ; for, without scruple, she even told lies when her husband bid her ; but we will suppose they were of the white kind.

You do not bring in Rebecca as an instance and example of obedience. Well, she obeyed her dying husband, her lord, as no doubt she called him.

I am apt to think the wives of these days are not worse, though customs are changed, than were the patriarchal ladies. Your seeming to think otherwise, made me say what I have said. And now you will tell me, that you know wives in every age were bad enough ; and I shall answer, that

that husbands in every age were worse ; which I do not say to raise an argument ; but as my real opinion.

I shall stick to my text. " Perfect love casteth out fear : " which tells us, if we perfectly love, we cannot fear, at least we are not to suppose fear necessary. But you say, the Scripture expression for love is often fear. Surely it cannot mean that fear which the text calls a torment. Herein are two different sorts of fear ; but I shall not attempt to explain them, perhaps for a very substantial reason.

I am very sensible how high the text is directed, and how despicable the love we profess is, in comparison to the divine love therein meant ; yet I do not think it a presumption to humbly imitate that love, as far as mortals can imitate divinity : and I think the love bound up in two united hearts and souls ; the love subsisting beyond the passions ; the perfect love,

K 2

which

which casteth out fear, comes the nearest to the divine love.

“ You are far from countenancing polygamy.” I protest I think not very far ; but I will still venture to set the first single pair, as the first ordinance of God, against your first command — “ Increase and multiply.” To us short-sighted mortals, it appears polygamy was then, if ever, necessary; but God Almighty thought otherwise, it is plain. And why it was afterwards allowed without condemnation, and why infinite numbers of other things were or were not condemned or applauded, is not within the reach of our comprehension ; nor are we to ask, why ?—God has set us our bounds that we shall not pass, for all-wise reasons, we ought to conclude. But, as to the doctrine of polygamy, there is this great difficulty to be solved between us : you say “ the law of nature does more than allow it.” And it appears to me, so repugnant to nature, that it positively

tively forbids it. So many reasons crowd into my head, that I know not where to begin, nor should I know where to end; but, tell me this, Is it in nature for a woman who wishes to be happy with the man she loves, loves in the most pure and refined sense; — is it, I say, in nature for that woman to endure, with a heart at ease, a rival in the affections, in the close-connected friendship, of one whose entire love, esteem, and confidence, is her greatest ambition? I do not think I have more jealousy in my temper than is consistent with true love; but, positively, I could not bear it: I should either turn termagant, or fret myself to death in silent grief. And, were I a man, I think I should despise a woman who could sit down contented with my divided love: — and, according to my notions, any man must have a very uneasy life, under the circumstance of polygamy, where there must be unavoidable heart-burnings, jea-

K 3

lousies,

lousies, separate interests, with a long train of uncomfortable attendants:—except the man is a tyrant, then, indeed, the uneasiness may be confined to his Statiras and Roxanas. Upon the whole, I am willing to think the laws of our land are agreeable to the laws of God and of nature.

I never read Milton's Treatise upon Divorces, but have heard it much condemned, as a thing calculated to serve his own private ends. Though, divorces may be thought allowable by those who do not think polygamy so. But whatever he may have written is of no great consequence, since I will stand and fall by the law of nature.

I put myself vastly in mind of a school-boy, who is running away after a dispute, but turns short upon his antagonist, gives the last word, and then takes to his heels, stopping his ears for fear of hearing a reply.

Since

Since you allow a wife to steal into power, in the manner I mentioned, and desire to know the instance I have to give, take it amongst the rest of my trifles. You must suppose a happy pair, both more anxious for each other's satisfaction than for their own. The gentleman suffering a little inconvenience in his apartment, the lady having hit upon a contrivance to redress it; but, as it could not be done without a small building and some expense, she, to be sure, would not attempt it without his consent, which she could not obtain by any method she could think of. As it was wholly for his own convenience, he would not indulge himself in it. For three years he withstood her solicitations, when, at last, she hit upon the lucky moment: it being the topic in the company of a few friends, the gentleman still resolute, and persisting that it was too much trouble and

expense, only to gratify himself in making a more ample convenience, when it could not then be called inconvenient; the lady pretty earnestly said, "Then suffer it to be done to add to *my* happiness: how much I cannot say, but it will be in proportion to the satisfaction and pleasure you will take in it when it is finished." The gentleman answered, "My dear, there is no standing against that; you have my consent, and to you I commit the management of the whole: I shall never grudge an expense, which I can put down towards making my wife happy." The lady gratefully returned her thanks, and the company clapped. Most of them women, you will perversely suppose. A mixture, I assure you!

The design is perfected, and the lady has had happiness in her husband's satisfaction; and he has his satisfaction more in her additional happiness, than in the enjoy-

enjoyment of his new convenience, though that is answerable.

You must not find fault with your daughters, for not performing what is next to impossible at their age. I led you into it, by telling you I had for some time made extracts from what I had read. But how long have I done that? About two years I believe, no more. I now wish I had done it sooner: but, alas! no threatening, no indulgence, could have drove me to it thirty, no, nor twenty years ago. Had I pretended to have made extracts at that age, they would have made a most whimsical appearance at this day. However, it is an excellent practice. It, by looking back, would serve to shew us to ourselves, through every stage we pass, and to remark the progress of our strengthening judgement. It would give infinite pleasure to the good and wise, and even to the innocently gay and volatile; and it might occasion remorse and

penitence in the wicked; also improve the understanding of the weak.

Though I reckon myself as happy at home as most people, yet I have a prospect of receiving an addition to that happiness, which I esteem one of the greatest this world can give, and which is, the conversation of a faithful, sensible, and worthily-esteemed friend; one to whom I can impart every secret that my own heart knows; one who is a great admirer of you and your works; and one to whom, with your leave, I would give the perusal of our whole correspondence. It is the mother of my good young man, whose company I hope to enjoy for some months. These seven years I have not seen her, our lots being cast far distant from each other, which I often lament, not only on her account, but your's, Sir, who are always so good to wish me near you; and, next to the satisfaction I should have in being so,
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is your kindly wishing for it. I am,
with great sincerity,

Sir,

Your much obliged, and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH,



TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

August 17, 1752.

MY dear Lady Bradshaigh verily thinks she could meet me half way in the debate between us; but owns she is not yet in the humour. When she is, she will be so good as to let her greatly-honoured correspondent know it; and which part of it she will retain, and which give up; and she will find that he will pay a great and just deference to her judgement.

I, you

I, you know, Madam, have been, as far as my ability would allow me, an advocate for your sex; even sometimes against Lady Bradshaigh herself; who now laudably seems to have changed sides, and is become an advocate for it. I have heretofore observed, that we neither of us like that any but ourself, should treat the sex severely. I have wagered with one chosen friend, (who is a great admirer of such parts of your Ladyship's letters as I have shewn her, and which I dare say you would have allowed me to shew her) that, before you know where you are, I will draw you in to say more severe things of the sex than I have yet written in my letters to you. It will be only by taking, I say, its part, with earnestness. — Beware of the plot, Madam; I give you fair warning, but I will not tell you when I shall begin.

“There may be wives, says your Ladyship, who have less occasion for correction

tion than their correctors ; and there are many husbands much inferior in capacity, and understanding, to the wives they correct." Very true. " A grating circumstance !" you say, And so it is. But let women take care, then, of preferring a man of sense to a weak or foolish man, as most of the coxcombs and pretty fellows are, of whom they are generally so fond ; for every single woman has her option, and she knows the power which the law gives to a husband.

Your Ladyship acknowledges that humility is the safest way to happiness ; but you close with observing, " That the laws were made by men, to justify their tyranny." I, Madam, hate tyranny in all shapes. This very argument between us, however we seem to have changed sides, was entered into, as I have more than once observed, with my declared abhorrence of tyranny in a husband ; however, I must observe, that the laws I depend upon,

upon, as worthy of observation, are those which were enforced by divine, not human, sanctions ; and I quoted some important texts, in my last, to this purpose.

“ What do I care for the patriarchs ! ” says your Ladyship. O, brave ! — But would not you have cared for them, had their example made for you ? I knew a very pious widow, a strict dissenter, who, by the way, in my juvenile days, made it a point of conscience to refuse me her niece, for no other reason but because I was a church-man, who had a profound reverence for the apostles, St. Paul in particular. But having taken it into her head to think favourably of a second marriage, answered her teachers, who pleaded St. Paul’s words — “ *But the younger widows reject first faith — will marry,* ” asked them, in a grievous pet, her eyes sparkling with indignation, “ What had St. Paul, a bachelor, to do to trouble his head about widows ? ” — But had St. Paul

Paul been favourable to her side of the question, she would have stopped the good men's mouths with his authority.

As to the domestic differences you mention, in case of polygamy, Abraham, it is true, had experience of a comfortable spice of it, between Sarah and the bond-woman; and Jacob found something of it between Leah and Rachel; but we know the cause of the latter's uneasiness; and she was pretty quiet when her maid Bilhah's children were reckoned as her's. But, Madam, how are these points got over in the eastern countries—twelve parts out of fifteen of the whole world are perhaps polygamists, as I observed in my last? "Household doves." It is the only way to make doves of them.

You will stick to your text—"Perfect love casteth out fear."—I will rest this part of our debate upon what I wrote in my former.

Methinks I am sorry that your Ladyship

ship declines any explanation that you think necessary.

You think "I am not far from countenancing polygamy." I wish I could have been convinced, by your answer to what I had suggested, that there was a higher authority than human laws against it. "God has set us our bounds, you say, that we shall not pass." — But, in this case, man, and not God, has set the bound; and I have allowed that to be enough, since every man, claiming the protection of the laws of his country, ought to be bound by them.

Still I insist, that the law of nature does more than allow of polygamy. It appears to you, you say, absolutely repugnant to the law of nature. — "Tell me this, says your Ladyship.— is it in nature for a woman," &c. &c. and then you tell me, that a woman would not like it; and "that one of the best wives in the kingdom could not bear it, and would either turn
termagant

termagant or fret herself to death." — Dear Madam ! — Is this saying any thing to the purpose? *Woman was made for man, not man for the woman*, says the apostle ; though a certain dear lady may, on this occasion, care as little for an apostle as for a patriarch. — And a man must be a poor manager if he had half a dozen wives, and suffered himself to be made uneasy by the heart-burnings, and so forth, among his household-doves, as your Ladyship calls them. The contention would be who should best deserve the honest man's love. — Bless us, Madam ! could any man be made more unhappy by six wives, with all their supposed heart-burnings, jealousies, separate interests, and a long train of uncomfortable attendants, than many a worthy man is with one? — "Except the man is a tyrant, say you." — Are there not many men who are tyrants over meek wives, though they have but one at a time? You say, there are.

are. How, then, would the condition of women be altered, were polygamy to take place? Do not you see (but I suppose your Ladyship intended it) that you have given up the argument? But I, Madam, will stand up for the laws of my country, notwithstanding. One caution only allow me to give you — Do not, by any means, rest your cause, if you should recal your concession, upon the law of nature — by which, you say, you will stand and fall.

Your Ladyship says, “You pretend not to explain a certain text; and will not call upon me for a farther proof of my argument,” as I had the assurance to invite you to do. But, Madam, let me say, that, dearly do I love your sex; I am so well satisfied with the laws of my country, that it would be criminal in me, in my own eye, to hint at any doctrine, much more at any license, (whether criminal or not, in other respects), that should tend to enslave the one, as the doctrine of polygamy

gamy must do, or weaken the laws of my country. But when, in this country, the sex is so generally running into licentiousness; when home is found to be the place that is most irksome to them; when Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, Marybones, assemblies, routs, drums, hurricanes, and a rabble of such-like amusements, carry them out of all domestic duty and usefulness into infinite riot and expense; day and night inverted; and that sex, in which virtue, modesty, sobriety, ought to be characteristically found, in order to save a corrupted world, were those qualities and graces to be lost in the generality of the other; — then would I beg leave to remind the wild pigeons of the sex, that they are not the doves they were designed to be; and that such cannot claim the privileges allowed to English wives, with any justice.

The notion of a divided love of a good
man

man to two good girls, made you bounce off your chair. It was in your Ladyship's dressing-room, was it not? Do you think I did not see you! Did I tell you, Madam, in my last, (I have not the copy of it at hand), that I should so manage it as to make you, even your Ladyship, ready to wish that the hero might have two ladies at one time? Whether I did or not, that will be the case. I want greatly to shew you some things I have done. I have frightened some of my adopted daughters out of their wits, in apprehension of a tragical catastrophe. One of them calls upon your Ladyship, I think she says, to tear my eyes out!—and, in another place, for your judgement on one part of the notion of a divided love, You will think I have been making mad work of it.

As to my work, I hope I am in the last volume. It is run into prodigious length. When I can get to an end, I will revise, in
hopes

hopes to shorten. You are, for ever, gracious, in your solicitude for my health, on the occasion.

Your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON,

P. S. I must not, you say, find fault with my daughters for not making extracts, &c. But I must : first, because they have been told the benefit they would receive from the practice ; secondly, because you have said, in the latter part of the same paragraph, that I ought, by expatiating so properly on the benefit that would accrue to them by it, and to readers of every complexion.

to

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

AND so, Sir, you thought you had not been severe enough upon the daughters of Eve, but you must again have a lash!— You seem to think it nothing strange, that Adam should suffer himself to be tempted by Eve, when in his state of innocence. But it must appear full as strange, as that Eve was tempted by the subtlest of all creatures; her natural weakness, too, considered. She also in her state of innocence, “What could she know of the guile of the serpent?” to return your own words. Let me ask you, if you really think she meant harm to Adam, when she tempted him? Does it not rather look like affection, longing to impart the knowledge she had imbibed, and in which, at that time, she thought herself so happy? I sin-

I sincerely think she beguiled him, out of pure fondness. And knowledge is, at this day, so desirable a blessing, that I am half inclined to forgive her ; at least, it softens her guilt, when I think of her motive to it; and I am glad she was not tempted with any thing more trifling. Do not you think, Sir, a great many wives would have chosen to have kept their husbands in ignorance, glorying in the advantage they had over them? But Eve did not care for the conversation of the ignorant, so made him as wise as herself. Kind soul ! And yet you call her a serpent ! and you ask, "What could poor Adam, in his state of innocence, know of the guile of either of the serpents?" He knew as much, he ought to have known more, with his superior wisdom, than Eve did, of her insinuating tempter. Poor Eve !

"A good man cannot do common things," &c. I answer to that, a good man best knows what a good man ought to

to do, as I have told you formerly; and, therefore, I will trust to your casting him in your own mold, and I will venture to be bound for his behaviour. But, dear Sir, what do you mean? You made me bounce off my chair, at reading, that two good girls were in love with your hero, and that he was fond of both! I do not much wonder, indeed, at such a scheme, by one who argues polygamy to be agreeable to the law of nature. But I, who positively deny it, am startled at the hint you give. I have such despicable notions of a divided love, that I cannot have an idea how a worthy object can encourage such a thought. I remember how you terrified poor Pamela with Mr. B.'s arguments for polygamy. The deuse take these polygamy notions! Then, why should you make one of your two deserving women unhappy? He may be fond of both; but he shall not wish to marry both: I never will love him, if he does. Nor can I interest

terest myself enough in your story, if the ladies are so equally deserving, unless you give them each a lover. I have a notion you will produce a Hickman for your second character, only he will differ something as to points of formality; his muscles will not be altogether so plump and prim, nor will you put quite so much starch in his ruffles.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

Nov. 20, 1752.

WHEN my ever dear correspondent shall be informed, that my too long silence is owing partly to an increase of my disorders, usual at this time of the year—partly to a close application to my new subject,

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being tired, and wanting to ease my mind of it—and partly to a dreadful accident, which was within a few minutes of leaving me destitute of a house for business, and has thrown me behind-hand with all my business—she will not misinterpret that silence. Mingled shame and affection compel me now to write, rather than absolute convenience.

Your Ladyship is willing, in some of the arguments between us, to meet me half way. Agreed. I wish you could tell me so in town, or that I could receive at Haigh the agreeable compromise. I am not fond, Madam, of explaining myself on what I mean, when I say, “The law of nature is on my side of the question, supported by the first divine command.” I am extremely well satisfied with the laws of my country. Were polygamy to be allowed of by them, I know not my own heart, if I would give into the allowance; and yet, I am not convinced, that “the
pure

pure undeviating love, the intire affection, the undivided friendship, subsisting between a single happy pair," is generally the result of the matrimonial engagement. 'Look into the world, and tell me if you think it is: and, answer me farther, if such a happy pair, as I have in my eye, might not, of their choice, in a polygamy country, (rejecting the license,) have been equally and more exemplarily happy? for, souls formed for mutual friendship, and rejoicing in a pure undivided love, would not have been compelled to enlarge the number of partners. The taming, the domesticating, the subduing, of spirits, that are not a credit to the sex, and who are incapable of acting upon principle, and live in defiance of duty, and of obligation, would have been probably the consequence of the license: it is so in the eastern countries, and who would wish that such creatures as those are were not slaves? While the generous, the noble,

the pious—but I said, we would quit the argument. Your Ladyship accepts of the bridge of gold; but you shall not flee over it: you shall have a throne erected in the middle of it; and I will beg leave to sit down on the footstool of it, and there sign and seal to the compromise.

I entirely agree with you, Madam, that a condescending woman, of talents superior to those of her husband, may make her own life not unhappy. I had intended, somewhere in my work, to give an instance of this; but I am obliged, from the length I have run, to stop short, and give up many of my intentions. You have hinted the rules such a one is to observe, in six lines, which would have taken me up as many pages.

But do you really allow that the men, in general, have judgements superior to women? I am now writing at North-End. I have the honour to have with me, at this very time, three ladies, the most respectable

spectable among women. Forgive me, good Mrs. Donnellan, good Miss Mulso, good Miss Prescott, if I should name you to a lady, who I know respects you. But they are not half so condescending as your Ladyship; they will not allow any other advantages to men, but what they have from education. God bless you, Madam, help me to a few arguments to convince them. They are great admirers of you, from what they have heard me say, and from here and there a passage that I have read to them, when you are severest to me (they and my wife love to have me severely treated). And why do I want to have them convinced? only, Madam, that I may have an opportunity, from that meekness, that condescension, I will call it, which I think to be the glory of a woman, to exalt the sex that I do really and most sincerely love. That equality, that preference, if you please, which we refuse to allow as a right, we may be willing to

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give

give way to, and even establish as a courtesy.

And so Eve beguiled Adam, out of love to him! Sweet soul! I am glad of it, with all my heart! What pity that such pretty wanton play should have been attended with such serious effects? But I restrain myself. Do you see, Madam, how capable you are of misleading me, poor heavy soul that I am, with your charming spirits!

I wish I could shew you what I have written; I am now going over it again, to see what I can omit: this is the worst of all my tasks, and what I most dreaded. Vast is the fabric; and here I am under a kind of necessity to grasp it all, as I may say; to cut off, to connect; to rescind again, and reconnect. Is it not monstrous, that I am forced to commit acts of violence, in order to bring it into seven twelves volumes, which I am determined it shall not exceed, let what will happen?

happen? I think the characters, the sentiments, are all different from any of those in my two former pieces, though the subjects are still love and nonsense, men and women. What would I give, to have you sit in judgement upon some parts of my management, before it appears.

With regard to what you mention of the use that may hereafter be made of the correspondence between us, I am sorry, methinks, that your Ladyship should be very much afraid of ever having been known to honour me with your pen. While I had not the happiness of knowing who it was that favoured me, I made no scruple of shewing your letters to several of my select friends; though I have been very reserved since. They all admired you; they thought that your pen did honour to your sex: and, I am sure, I ought to be more ashamed of mine, and of my unpolite freedoms with your Ladyship, than you need to be of your's.

L 4

I thank

I thank you, Madam, for the sketch you give me of your employments, diversions, &c. How happy you make me, in giving me room to think that I have been able to contribute, in the least, to the pleasure of such dear friends. I honour the lady, for her impartiality, in blaming your Ladyship for the harassings you gave me, for the chase you put me to, and, at last, for suffering yourself rather to be detected by the officiousness of a well-meaning friend, which, to this hour, my pride will not allow me to approve of, than by a voluntary eclaireissement. Indeed, my dear Lady Bradshaigh, you were surprisingly teasing—and four months too to elapse! But tell me, Madam, does not the lady say, that I have treated you with sauciness, sometimes; that I have been more free with the sex than ever man was? I honour her greatly, and shall still more, if she blames me wherever I am faulty.

You begin to think you could now talk
freely

freely with me—what an unhappiness in the want of an early politeness! Something strangely forbidding, of the hedgehog kind, must there be in my outward behaviour. What a supercilious creature must I be! I, who, in my heart, and with my pen, am the freest of all mortals; and that to such a degree, that my correspondent's good nature is in no instance so conspicuous, as in being able to forgive, and laugh at me!

And do you two dear friends wish me to be more than an imaginary visitor, now and then? You must not tell me so! How do I regret the bar of two hundred miles distance, and a business that requires an attendance that I must pay till I am no longer your's, &c.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

My saying, I thought I could now talk freely to you, has drawn from you words I do not perfectly understand; but, if I take them right, I think I could beat you for answering me in such a manner. Lord, Sir! you are entirely out of the question: there is something in *my* nature, some hidden power, that stops my utterance to those with whom I have not been long personally acquainted, especially when I think it becomes me to hear rather than be heard.

O, how you damp my spirits, when you talk of destroying yourself by too close an application to business! I protest you are wicked. Who would think that you could speak so lightly of suicide? I wonder

wonder when you would think yourself enabled, or have an inclination, to leave off or contract your business? But I forbear; I think I have formerly been too free upon this subject.

The last story I sent you is as sad as true. You know I long since owned I knew and had heard of worse men than Lovelace. Many I hope there are not; yet I am afraid I have once or twice been in company with another of the same stamp, who, I have heard, has been cruel beyond example to those he has seduced. One young lady in particular, whom I have often seen, and who, with his arts, and the assistance of some who ought to have been her protectors, was betrayed into his power. Poor young soul! I saw her shining in all her finery at a ridotto, and could not imagine from whence it came; but was afterwards informed how extravagantly she had paid for her appearance; and some time after heard she

was

was discarded in a destitute condition, and accidentally found by an acquaintance of his upon her knees before her tyrant, begging for a crown-piece to keep her from starving, which was refused, and she dragged to the door, which was shut upon her with a curse, and there lay in a swoon, till the more tender-hearted visitor ordered her to be carried into a shop, gave her a guinea, and desired care might be taken of her—where she was soon restored to her miserable reflections, and was afterwards kept by the very man who relieved her. She was, at last, reduced to a street-walker, and died the natural death of such abandoned, yet truly pitiable, objects.

Pray, Sir, have you ever looked into a little book, intituled *Meditations and Reflections, &c.* by a Person of Honour? So it was first published; but, to the last edition, I see the author's name, Charles Howe, prefixt. He was uncle to the late
Lady

Lady Pembroke, (your correspondent,) and the same relation to Sir Roger. An excellent good man I have always heard him called; and, indeed, this little performance confirms his character. I wish you would read it, and give me your opinion of it. It will be the amusement of two or three Sunday evenings, which, I believe, you will think time not thrown away. But you must remember it was never designed for publication; but, falling into the hands of a grand-daughter's husband, who was resolved to make the most he could of her and her family, he gave it to the public; and in this he might design well.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS glad to see Dr. Young's approbation fixt to the last edition of these Meditations, having a great opinion of his judgement; and I am one amongst the multitude of his admirers, who ought to acknowledge obligations to him of a very high nature. But, first to the author of *Clarissa*. I sincerely confess, never did the excellencies of human nature appear so beautiful, nor ever did I behold the duties of a Christian in so clear, so striking, and so amiable a light : they make even life a trifle, and death look lovely. Then, what have I to thank you both for ? This shews of what use amusement is, when religion, morality, and every good instruction, are to

to be inculcated. If you think proper, be pleased to return my respects to the Doctor. What is he doing, Sir? Can such a genius lie idle?

I have lately read Swift's four last volumes, for the first time, and, indeed, they overflow with trash; but the Sermons I fancy will answer the character Lord Orrery has given of them: that upon the Trinity I own has given me great satisfaction. When one has a mind to understand a thing, and yet finds it impossible, it is a sweet relief to be reasonably persuaded that there is no necessity to understand it. And yet my good uncle Howe, so I am proud to call him, has made an attempt, but I do not pretend to judge of it.

Your eighteen-penny book I shall thank you for, but how can you put one upon thanking you for eighteen-pence? I am not frightened, and yet I cannot see why you should make me a present of eighteen-pence.

pence. Do you think, Sir, so well as I love reading, that I should not be very glad to pay for any book you would recommend? I should look upon it as an obligation in a much higher degree, if I could have them sent in my own way. I really dare hardly mention a book to you. It would give me great pleasure if you heard of or met with any thing you could wish me to read, that you would order it to be sent to the carrier directly; and in this you would have no farther trouble than paying for the book, and putting down a memorandum. Let us have an account to settle annually, as I do with some other friends in town, upon different occasions. Would not this have an air of friendly freedom? And *this* would be an obligation, and I love to be obliged to you.

The honour, as you call it, that is done to your performances by foreigners, is
nothing.

nothing more than you might have expected. But I shall not forgive the French translator, for his omissions. The death of Belton is one of the finest descriptions, and one of the most useful, though shocking pictures, that can be exhibited, in my poor opinion. Sinclair's death, indeed, I am indifferent about; at least I thought the discourse concerning it too long: but all the rest are beauties, I wonder any body could think of parting with. Reflections upon his country, indeed, are tender points. He has found out that moral instructions, warning, &c, were principally in your thoughts; yet thinks that you should have preferred your story to every thing; spoke like a Frenchman, all shew and parade. The exemplary, the useful, the solid, are too weighty for a Frenchman's brain.

But why should all these transactions give you apprehensions for your new piece?

piece? Surely they are rather encouragements. I allow you, a man should know when to give over, but he should also know how long to proceed. I have a notion it will be thought a more spirited piece than any you have written. There are some of the familiar conversations that I could wish to see upon the stage.

And is it really not to be published till next winter? Ah me! — What shall I do? When you said it was in the press, I expected it in a month, to be sure. But do not let me peep, I would rather not peep. I wish I had not read a word of it.

Your's,

D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

Feb. 24, 1759.

How condescendingly kind is it in your Ladyship, to say that you suffer by my silence. Never, I hope, will I, for my own sake, be guilty of the same fault, to the like degree.

As to the debate between us, on a certain subject, it is time to have done with it, when there can be no hope, and, to own the truth, no wish, on my side, to convince you ; and when the doctrine is such a strange one, that it is shocking to your nature. It is a strange doctrine in England : may it ever be so, say I !

Your Ladyship has answered a question that I put, very cordially. A great deal might be inferred from the concession ;
but

but I want not to have the doctrine propagated. The quite contrary is mine, and shall always be so in every thing that I obtrude on the public. I love not to shake old foundations, nor to revive notions which the laws of our country favour not; but the contrary. The fault lies, you are pleased to say, in our corrupt nature, and not in the institution. I blame not the institution. I could say much on this subject, as you put it, and something from your own words: "So fond are our sex of variety!" Ah, Madam!.....But I think we will quit this subject. Yet, in the doing it, I cannot forbear to say, that I admire your Ladyship, for your charming vivacity, as well as condescending goodness, expressed in the concluding part of the paragraph that relates to the debate on this subject — so shocking to the ears of our English ladies, and which you have so fully exposed and answered, by saying you did not like it.

You

You have no doubt, it seems, Madam, that men have the advantage of women, in judgement. You think, in general, this is undeniably so. Be so good as to tell me why, in nature, it should be generally so, men and women being supposed to have the same opportunities? Not that I am willing to doubt of any point that you, Madam, have considered, and have yourself no doubt about. A persuasion of this, your Ladyship says, makes women's submission the easier. Is the submission easy? I am glad of it, with all my heart; because humility and meekness are, with me, characteristic graces in the sex. "Were we sure, adds your Ladyship, that our strength and weapons were equal, we should be addicted to contention." Women, then, are not so now: I am no less glad of that, I profess. Well, then, I will take it for granted, that no women contest a point with their husbands, but those who are fully convinced that they have a superiority

riority of understanding. In the papers of this day, is an instance given in point, in vulgar life. A soldier and his wife had high words: the good woman seems not to have been convinced, that her husband had a superiority of understanding; he yielded not to her that palm; she then resolved to exert her bodily strength; she took up the poker, cracked his crown, and laid him prostrate and speechless at her feet; went to a neighbour, sent him to her husband on pretence of business, and absconded. The man is judged to be irrecoverable: yet, to borrow your Ladyship's words, "this woman was commanded, and she vowed submission;" but she found not that want of power (nor, as it seems, of will, therefore), which you say is "an excellent security for a woman's performance of her marriage vows." Did I not tell your Ladyship of a certain wager I had laid? But let me say, good Madam, that we must change sides, if you are thus
severe

severe upon your sex: I must not allow any body to be so but myself. But let me, without attempting to resume the shocking subject that is so contrary to the intireness of a single affection, observe, that had polygamy been the establishment, this honest woman, instead of using the poker, might have been one of the wives, who, like those in the fable, would have been culling the hairs from his head, whether black or grey, that would have made him appear more suitable to herself.

If opportunity should offer, and it lies upon you to fix it, accelerate, Madam, the happy schemes! It is late in my day. Night cometh, when — wishes only will remain! O, that I may be once more in the way of being acquainted with the earnestly wished-for freedom of that tongue to which you say (fie upon you! my dear Lady Bradshaigh, if you say you are free with it to every body else) I am a stranger!

ger! You compare it with the freedom of your pen — How am I honoured, delighted, with your pen! Why would you restrain yourself in conversation?

Charming, and equally kind, is your hint of suicide! But what can I say to it?

Another dreadful story of a monster of a man! Poor young lady! Yet there are, who say there never was so bad a man as Lovelace. You will make me hate my own sex.

I have not yet seen the *Meditations and Reflections*, by a Person of Honour. I will give it a reading, in obedience to you.—

“But you must remember, says your Ladyship, it never was designed for publication; but it falling into the hands of a grand-daughter’s husband, he gave it to the public.” Ah, my dear Lady Bradshaigh, take care of application! This piece was at first cautiously, and without name, given to the public. The name seems.

seems not to be affixed, till the author's fame was established by the work. Do not you know, that to the breath of an injunction, a death-bed one, too, we owe the preservation of the *Æneid* of the immortal Virgil, condemned by him to the flames, as an unfinished work, which had not his last hand?

Dr. Middleton was a very fine writer. Pity, that disappointment, in his worldly views, should have determined him to make his aeglecters of the Hierarchy, &c. feel the importance of his talents, and how significant he could have been to the cause he opposed, had he been received as he knew his weight deserved. Guthrie is less concerned to whiten, right or wrong, the character of his hero; while Middleton is as much the panegyrist as the historian. I think I may promise you pleasure, in reading Cibber's piece: he is candid and impartial, and does justice both to Middleton and Cicero. I forget the title, but will cause it to be sent you.

Cassius was an ill man himself. I think it is very characteristic, in the Duke of Buckinghamshire, to put such a speech in Cassius's mouth of Cicero. And what did he, but pray for a curse upon himself? He met with it.

There is a little piece written by Archibald, Earl of Argyll, about the year 1660, by way of advice to his son : I will send you one. Do not be frightened, the price is but eighteen-pence. There are, I remember, fine things in it. I believe, Madam, that if such a low-classed scribbler as he is, who is now addressing himself to the Lady of Haigh, could but bend his mind to reading, he would better employ his time in collecting the wisdom of past times, than in obtruding upon the world his own crudities. He has, for a trial, classed under particular heads, alphabetically, the Proverbs of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, the Books of Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus, and called it (though he
has

has not yet taken it into his head to publish it) *Simplicity the True Sublime*. Those books are a treasure of morality.

The Female Quixote is written by a woman, a favourite of the author of *The Rambler*: Lennox, her name. Her husband and she have often visited me together. Do not you think, however her heroine over-acts her part, that Arabella is amiable and innocent? The writer has genius. She is hardly twenty-four, and has been unhappy. She wrote a piece, called *Harriet Stuart*. I was very desirous that the compliment to the author of *Clarissa* should be omitted. Those compliments are generally looked upon as marks of particular favour from one writer to another; and, like praises dedicatory, can shew only one person's, and not the world's, good opinion.

My vanity, however, has been raised by a present sent me of a translation of *Clarissa*, in the German language, in eight

M 2

volumes,

volumes, from the celebrated Dr. Haller, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Göttingen; and by two volumes neatly printed, of the same, in Dutch, by an eminent hand, M. Stinstra, of Haarlingen, in Friesland, who is going on with the translation, two volumes at a time; also by a present of the same work, in twelve thin volumes in French, translated by the Abbé Prévost, author of the *Dean of Colerain*, and other pieces. But this gentleman has thought fit to omit some of the most affecting parts; as the death of Belton; Miss Howe's lamentation over the corpse of her friend; Sinclair's death, and remorse; and many of the letters; (though with some commendation) that passed between Lovclace and Belford, after Clarissa's death, with some apologies, that, a lady, who understands the language, says, imply a reflexion on his nation. He treats the story as a true one; and says, in one place, that the English editor has often sacrificed

sacrificed his story to moral instructions, warnings, &c.—the very motive with me, of the story's being written at all.

I am written to from these several translators, to furnish them with sheets as printed, of my new piece; but, think you, Madam, that all these honours done to my *Clarissa*, (nor has *Pamela*, the poor *Pamela*, been neglected by them), do not give me apprehensions for my new piece? indeed they do. A man of my time of life and infirmities should know when to give over. There would have perhaps been a greater assurance of a favourable reception, had I, as I once intended, left to executors the disposal of the piece. But nineteen or twenty volumes, (crowded volumes,) to be written by one obscure man!—I shrink at the thoughts of them.

I heard the greatest part of the *Gamester* read by Mr. Garrick, before it was brought upon the stage. On the whole, I much liked it. I thought it a very af-

fecting performance. There are faults in it; but I think it a moral and seasonable piece.

Sir Roger does the poor Pamela great honour, in giving her another perusal. Pamela is a good girl, and was right in dreading polygamy.

I do not know why I did not mention Dr. Young's Tragedy. No reason for it, but hurry and forgetfulness. Will it be hereafter believed, that the Earl of Essex had a run; and that a play of the author of the Night Thoughts was acted to thin houses but just eight nights? The Doctor, you have heard, intended the benefit accruing to an author, to go to the Society for propogating the Gospel. — He, finding it did not answer his expectations, as to profits, took them to himself, (not 400l.) and gave a thousand guineas to that society. I had some talk with him on this great action. "I always, said he, intended to do something handsome by this society.

Had

Had I deferred it to my demise, I should have given away my son's money : all the world are inclined to pleasure ; I myself love pleasure as much as any man ; could I have given myself a greater by disposing of the same sum to a different use, I should have done it."

May it be in your power, Madam, to accelerate the schemes you so kindly mention ! You flatter my vanity in telling me one of your inducements is to favour me and mine with your presence. I thank you, Madam, for your kind wishes and prayers : may the effects of them be returned to you, and your dear Sir Roger, and all you both love and honour, prays, Madam,

Your ever faithful and
affectionate humble servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

June 2, 1756.

AND so I tell your Ladyship no news, when I say, that your sex may conquer by yielding ! Think you, Madam, that I told you that as news ? Have I forgot, could I forget, a certain lady's beautiful conquest in the alterations she procured to be made for her husband's convenience, which he would have dispensed with, because his own convenience was only to be found in them ?

“ But, after all, asks your Ladyship, is it not a tyrannical, a pitiful bravery, in a man, to expect a poor woman (how pitifully you speak of your sex !) to yield, only that a man may shew the power of prerogative, and gratify his pride, by joining

ing an obligation to his conquest?" — Equally pitiful and tyrannical where this is the case. But why need this be supposed to be the case? If men, as your Ladyship allows, have superior understandings to women, why need the pride of prerogative be supposed to be his inducement to wish his inferior in sense to give up her will to his; especially, when she had not been his, had she not vowed, at the altar, obedience to him? May not a good husband wish his wife to yield to him in points, in which her conscience is not concerned, in order to reward her by his gratitude, and save her the trouble of debating with him an avowed duty, for the promoting of their mutual happiness? What a picture does your Ladyship draw of this dutiful, this yielding wife; smiling in her heart to think that her yielding is only to make him ridiculous; "and that she can, with one gentle stroke, poor woman!" as you

say, vanquish her strutting hero! “Nevertheless, as this yielding generally, (adds your Ladyship; laughing, as I presume,) has a mighty pretty effect, I think I must put the yielding down as the best method — of doing what? — Why, of bringing down these strutting lordly husbands to be their wives laughing stocks.” If thus, my dear Lady Bradshaigh paints the yielding wives, in what colours would she draw the refractory and contentious ones, had not Solomon done it for her, by placing them on the house-tops, to frighten away the enemy? Yet how came Solomon, with his three hundred wives, to know any thing of the contentious women? If he wrote their characters from experience, the Great Turk’s Seraglio was a much better ordered Seraglio than his, with all his wisdom. See, Madam, how naturally you bring to one’s mind polygamy, where you make even yielding
wives

wives make a jest of their husbands. —
 Poor men ! — say I.

I agree with your Ladyship, in placing
 Lord Orrery in an easy chair ; there let
 him sleep unmolested, for us. He has
 raised a hornet's nest about him : may he
 be safe from their stings !

If your Ladyship repeat your commands,
 I will give Swift's Sermon on the Trinity,
 a reading. But, as I hinted in my last,
 I have no notion of men's attempting to
 explain a mystery. In short, I am afraid
 of raising doubts in my own mind, which
 I cannot, from the nature of the subject,
 lay. All that concerns us to know
 for the conduct of our life, in order to fill
 us with a blessed hope, is plain and easy.

I did write, that I was angry and af-
 fronted : but, dear Madam, let me blush-
 ingly ask you, was not the sum, you were
 afraid to be benefited by me, so very
 trifling a one — as cannot be named —
 eight-

eighteen-pence? — It is out — And these, Madam, were the words which I said I was affronted at — “ I cannot see why you should make me a present of eighteen-pence. Do you think, Sir, so well as I love reading, that I should not be very glad to pay for any book you would recommend?” — Consider these words, dear Madam. Had I not reason to say I was affronted? Could I think, could you, that I had given occasion for such a question? You cannot imagine, Madam, that I could say I was affronted by any opportunity you should favour me with, to do you either pleasure or service? — Your Ladyship much surprized me by the serious passages in the letter before me.

What do you think, Madam? I just now got upon a chair, and, taking the liberty to put the book in the hand of your picture over my chimney.—“ Forgive me, good Sir Roger, (who looks directly at you, you

you know, Madam) but, Go, naughty Lady Bradshaigh! — At last, can you be capable of a misconstruction, and be angry, or grave upon it, and form unfriendly resolutions? — Go, naughty Lady Bradshaigh! — I never received so unexpected an answer. This, Madam, I will say, that I cannot make it up with you (your dear Sir Roger shall be judge between us), till you revoke your resolution, and honour me with some commissions.”

A passage follows, about delighting to teaze, &c. But your Ladyship’s seriousness or gravity, in the passages above quoted, in which, I am sure, I meant no teasing, sticks with me; and I will not touch upon it. I could not really offend you, for the world. On some subjects, I should have had a sort of triumph, in trying your charming temper. But that I have just mentioned is not one of them.

“ Fool

“Fool that I was, to give you the opportunity to treat me with disrespect;” have I heard very good ladies say, before now; but must do myself the justice to declare, that I never before gave cause for this to be said to me by a lady. I am sorry, that, where I must venerate— But let me express my penitence by a blank. — I am sure, Madam, you have made me grave.

S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

June 6, 1753.

JUST setting out upon a week's ramble, wishing myself at home again before I set out! It is a most vexatious thing, to pay visits for the sake of form only. Some friends,

friends, however, I hope to see, who will recompense me for all the rest. I intend not to answer your whole letter, till my return. But there is a necessity for writing off a certain quarrel.

I believe, Sir, you are determined to think me in the wrong in every thing I have said relating to this quarrel. When you told me you would send the book, you bid me not be frightened, it was but eighteen-pence. I answered I was not frightened, yet I could not see why you should make me a present of eighteen-pence. I cannot yet see why, nor do I think it was very unnatural or ill-bred to make use of the expression, in answer to your caution. And yet this was the affront, which, after considering the words as you desire, I cannot find out for my life; meaning, though the sum was so trifling, I could not see why any book, that you would recommend, should not be placed to my account, even though it was
but

but of sixpence value. Did not I say, I would thank you for your eighteen-penny-book; though I asked you, why you would put me upon thanking you for it? In very good humour I am sure I asked you this, and thought it a proper time to make a proposal, in what manner I should be glad to be obliged to you for the future. But, instead of your compliance, comes Mr. Cibber's book, the title of which I only desired. And I must own, there are few things more disagreeable to me, than to desire a friend to recommend or procure any thing, be it ever so trifling, and then to put it upon the foot of a present. I always take it for a reprimand, some would say an affront, and seldom trouble that person again. Though I protest I did not carry it to that height, in my mind, which you seemed to think my words imply.— You are much more serious than I intended to be; especially in your repeating what I said of the threatened blow. Supposing

posing me to be in an ill humour before, it was plainly gone off when I pretended to scold you for thinking an apology necessary only for returning a challenge I should never have given, without hope of a return. I forgive you, Sir, for shewing your resentment to my picture:—I should have forgiven you, had it been to the original: but I could never forgive you, should you forbear your correction, whenever you think me faulty. If still I am so in your opinion, I shall be sorry; but I am not sensible of being so, in any degree: yet, if that is the light I appear in to you, I sincerely thank you for letting me know it. You are so good to call it my first appearing hastiness, but seem to think that word too favourable. If you knew my heart, you would not think so; you would then know, it was full as much as my meaning deserved, however my words might appear, which I think you must have looked upon with an uncommon

common magnifying glass : uncommon, I say, because you have generally made use of the contrary, in favour to me, when I think I have been less deserving of it.— I am sure, Sir, you never asked yourself, Am I doing what I wish should be done to me? Let that be as it will, you did the thing that of all things I dislike. I must repeat, the sum was quite out of the question. Had it been a larger, I might have been apprehensive of an affront; but as it was so trifling, I should have thought it impossible to suppose it could have been taken notice of for any reason, but the one of letting you know I was averse to the manner, in which, however, your kind intention was visible, and not that I resented it. But if you will call it resentment, do not you know what pretended resentments mine are towards you? Your anger, I know, was all in good humour; mine was not in a bad one. I only told you, seriously, what I disapproved; but
from

from no unfriendly motive, though you told my picture so. And there is a pat for your pat.

The coach at the door already! what shall I do? Go away but half reconciled. Bless me, what a hurry! Say I am coming this moment: but first let me, in perfect charity, bid you adieu for one week.

June 12.—After an excursion, very agreeable for the most part, I am returned to my nevertheless endeared home: my thirst for that being more than equal to my thirst occasioned by clouds of dust, and the hottest weather I have felt these two years. When I was most happy amongst my friends at ———, there was felt, on the 8th instant, a shock of an earthquake, which, though I was not sensible of, greatly sunk my spirits.* It was felt all over this county, in Cheshire, and Yorkshire; but, thanks to the Almighty, no harm done.

You

You know my timorous nature, in regard to these calamitous threatenings: but I found myself, the day after it happened, easy and free from dread; for which blessing, I can never be enough thankful to my good and merciful God. Is there any pain or misery equal to fear or terror?

Now to your paragraph, beginning — “Books again!” — Yes, books again. How was it possible to help it, after I had just read them through? “My thanks were neither desired, (I did not suppose they were,) nor accepted.” Were they not so, cross-patch? The books were not desired, but were accepted; there, I believe, lies my fault.

Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? Unto Cæsar shalt thou go. Dare you, dare you, “after above twenty years happy nuptials, and after the declaration you heard him make,” trust to his impartiality? I can tell

tell you, it will gall him to give his voice against me; yet will justice preponderate—of that I am certain.

Well, Sir! after hearing the case fairly stated, these were the words of Cæsar: “ You both designed well, and have both been too hasty. A good design ought to be received with favour, though the manner may not coincide with your wishes; therefore, my dear, you ought to have taken an opportunity of settling what you proposed, at a time when you were not embarrassed with an obligation.” I soon convinced him, that it was impossible. He then took your side, and said so much, that I thought myself in danger, and was upon the point of yielding, when he concluded with these words: “ I think, as Mr. Richardson had before been made acquainted with your thoughts upon the like occasion, he should not have pursued a thing so disagreeable to you, and which, I confess, would have been so to me; and, I will
venture

venture to pronounce, would so have been to him. Let me advise you, since much may be said on both sides, to cease hostilities, and enter into promissory articles never to do the like again." Well, says I, if you would have me propose it, I will. But, since you think me in the right—"Nay, not so right neither; but, if you were two absolute strangers to me, I should rather take your side of the question." Very well, my dear; I am a little in haste: if you please, we will conclude here: shutting the door at the same time, and I came away so much more confirmed in my own opinion, that I could not help saying to myself, this man might have been acquitted, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

Indeed, I was very well pleased with *the Art of Tormenting*; and I still like it better, as it is wrote by a friend of your's. The little knowledge I had of the author, gave me to understand her sense and ingenuity

genuity were uncommon. I admire the whole of this little piece, but the last half pleases me best. I am sorry to say it; but I know the woman, who, I verily believe, would behave exactly in the manner of that perverse creature described on the Windsor expedition.

I have often spoke of the art with which the two Miss Colliers take a likeness in cut paper; and sometimes could scarcely gain credit; and I own it almost appears incredible. I believe there is a sort of connexion between drawing faces and characters, in which Miss Collier seems to excel.

But, is it not strange, that you could not mention the art of tormenting, without applying it to a friend of mine? "You tell me, you have heard her say." She positively denies that. You would have it, she took delight in tormenting, but she never acknowledged it; and, to
say

say the truth, if she did torment, it was not designedly, unless her memory fails her. But, in some circumstances in life, it is thought pretty to complain of suffering torments, only to excite compassion, and a look of tenderness, by way of balsam; and then, to be sure, it must be said, that somebody delights in tormenting.

What may be thought of Mr. Cribber's performance I know not; but I think it is wrote with great spirit. The more judicious and grave part of his readers may think him rather too flighty sometimes; at others, too low, too full of little expressions and conceits, bringing in a piece of an old song, or the like: but, as he always apologizes for them, we will suppose they might be looked over, were they really faults, which I do not take upon me to determine. I know he pleases me in the favour he shews to Cæsar, which appears to me just. I cannot indeed think

so

W. Richardson to. Mr. Furcombe.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I take this opportunity (by the hands of your worthy Father) to attempt to thank you with a staggering Pen, for the Letter of the excellent Lady who subscribed to it the name of Sybil. I am charmed with every line of it. at time there was, that I could have written sheets upon the contents. But now I am unhappy with these violent tremors; At times they quite unsettle me, and will not suffer me to hold a Pen.

My Best Regards to this unworthily-affected, the president, this magnanimous, this pious Lady. She has my Prayers and my Prayers. She has greatly interested me in her had Story being in her Destiny. Will she not allow me to be acquainted with her Progress to Perfection in that what manner she is able to contend with her Difficulties should they continue and maintain her noble Resolution. I hope she will allow me this favour.

What a glorious, tho' painful, situation is that! The Godlike Power of Forgiveness is all
 her own. Her Supplications to the Throne of Grace for herself (who that lives here, not some
 failings?) must succeed: She has let me boldly say, a Clamor to be forgiven, since she can forgive
 the Transgressions of one, who forgetting by vows of deserved Love and Honour, can be guilty of pre-
 meditated Treason against her; and higher still, resolve almost against all Honor of Rewards &
 =descended to nothing at all to be done will meet with none to

... .. for ever.
Poor Dorothy! what a figure makes her, placed in the line of even mitigated by her, with
an admirable wife! Poor (Indeed poor) Dorothy! — O that she were to read, that she were
able to reflect duly upon, the following noble sentiments of thy exalted Lady! —

Here my Friend, my Pen ^{guttering} in my fingers, I was about to abdicate to a faithful
and the ^{copyists} from the Lady's Letter, which I do desperately admire. But ^{being} ^{thy} ^{own}
to do her justice, I must transcribe ^{of} ^{thy} ^{greatest} ^{part} ^{of} ^{her} ^{Letter}. I forbear.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncanson!

S. Richardson.

London, July 14. 1757.

Mr. Harvey to Mr. Richardson.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry, it was not consistent with your convenience, to transmit my meditations from your Press, a third time into the world. It is like to prove their loss & detriment. The Paper is not so fair nor the Types so elegant which gives me some dissatisfaction.

I heartily thank you for your kind Congratulation, on the Acceptance with which the Public has condescended to honour the Performance. Your entertainment
D. I hope will meet with much

For,

Wm. Miller to Wm. Richardson.

The delicious meal I made
of Miss Byron on Sunday last, has given
me an Appetite for another slice of her
off from the spit, before she is served up
to the Public table; if about 5 o'clock
" "

Dear Sir

Mr. Garrison to. W. Richardson.

1782.

And I not received a Note from you
this Morning, I should have sent you
one to day, to condole with you
for y^r late loss, which I heard
of at Mr. Fiedingers

117
I am very sorry I cannot yet oblige
you & the Ladies with very pleasant
L. Union, Richard who I pay &

Ch^r. Young to W^m. Richardson.

August 12-1754

Dear Sir

If you know any proper Artist in y^e way, I wish you w^d. show him y^e. grotesque Pictures of a Centaur in my Dedication. If I sh^d. have a Cut of it, I w^d. prefix it to y^e. Letters. It w^d. (I think) have two good Effects.

1st It w^d. carry y^e. Reader wth more appetite thro y^e. Dedication, as bring him into y^e. meaning of y^e. Good Picture before him.

2^{dy} It w^d. look as if there was more Occasion for y^e. Dedication. (as it is rather long) than there seems to be at

(D. W. Richardson to W. W. Richardson)

Dear Sir

Heartily thank you for the 2^d & 3^d V's.

of Clarissa. Suppose I more will finish the work

And to those another advertisement of the same

length ^{which you have offered to write} may not be improper. This was but a general

enthusiasm on the spins of the Galle. That will afford

a more particular examination of the conduct of thy

work in which we find that too great a sensibility

& impotence under the force put on her self solicitation

responsibly & falsely drew after it that long & terrible

effect ^{which} ~~met~~ ⁱⁿ ~~con~~ ^{her} ~~temper~~ ^{virtue} ~~ment~~ ^{which} ~~new~~ ^{so} ~~embodied~~

for as these last only pride themselves to own that an author's address can not pretend to — so good a work a childish rvery of a cake-house &

P.P Apr 2.

Dear J.

Mar. 10. 1753

On my return yesterday
from Dorsetshire, I received yr kind
present, which I take this earliest
opportunity to acknowledge with my
thanks. I am confident I shall read
it with pleasure & profit. no

Yours ever sincerely
W. Harris, of Salisbury to W. Richardson.

labours have for
public utility
I you will

and
Larum
10 Nov.
Harris

so gently of his conduct, with the abandoned Cleopatra in Egypt, as Mr. Cibber seems to do; but his thoughts are consistent with his character.

Your's, &c.

D. BRADSHAIGH.



TO LADY BRADSHAIGH.

June 28, 1755.

I AM very sorry that the visits between you and Miss Talbot were so very pantomime. How could it be, so well as each of you were acquainted with the merits of the other? Might not the maiden lady expect more unreservedness from the married one, than the latter might from her? The lady of Waterstoch, so well known to you both, and so justly beloved by both, introducing each to the other, too! I knew if the excellent prelate were present,

it would lay you under some little restraint at first ; but that I questioned not would soon be overcome, and your mind, and that of Miss Talbot, would mingle as one. Ladies of birth, and families so genteel too ; so used to company, and the politest conversation ! — had such an awkward, underbred soul, as I, been one of the persons, excuses would have lain for me ; and justice would have called upon every politer person, such especially as Lady Bradshaigh, to pity me ! But the two visitants, Lady Bradshaigh and Miss Talbôt, who were prepared to admire each other ; one of whom had made essays in town to see the other ; to be, when they met, so silent, so — what shall I call it ? How could it be ! Indeed, I have taken the liberty to blame the maiden lady too. How easy was it for either to change first-taken distant seats for nearer, and to fall into free conversation ! Where the company was mixed, how natural for two ladies

ladies to engage each other's attention, though the subjects had been no other than of books, of persons of note, of climate in counties so remote as are those of Lancashire and Oxford. But here, because you had so much to say, to say nothing! O dear, O dear! what a perversity on both sides! Wish me at Waterstoch! Wish me at Hillsbury! Yes, indeed! I am almost glad, on occasion of these two dumb visits, that I was not able to be a witness of them. Sir Roger unhappily absent too! How unlucky! A conversation between the prelate and the baronet must have induced a greater freedom between the ladies! Shall I transcribe a few lines, from a letter of the maiden lady, relating to this interview? Forgive me, Miss Talbot, I will. Now, Madam, arm yourself with patience. You remember the account you give of yourself? Prepare—I am a very woman in loving to teaze and amuse.

N 2

I had

I had written to that lady as follows —
“ I shall be glad to know your opinion of Lady Bradshaigh, when you have seen her. She rises upon us in every visit after the first : but I take the liberty to tell her, she has an air of reserve to new acquaintance. This may possibly be added to by the reverence she has for the qualities of certain ladies, who intended to see her on Monday last : more especially if another excellent personage accompanied them.”

Now read what Miss Talbot says in answer : “ I saw Lady Bradshaigh but twice. She came hither in a morning, with Mrs. W——, and was very easy, and conversible, and agreeable.” (How came the Lady of Haigh to take such liberties with herself?) “ We like her extremely.” (Look you there now !) “ There is an open honesty of countenance, a diffident liveliness of manner, and a good sense and good nature in what she says, that one must be pleased with.” (Now,
your

your Ladyship must know that Miss Talbot is one of the sincerest of women.)

“My Lord went with us to Waterstoch, but Sir Roger was unluckily rode out. There was a mixed company, and as I could not, because I wished it, for nothing was easier, had I managed cleverly.” (hence, Madam, the liberty I have taken to chide Miss Talbot) “contrive to sit near her, the conversation was constrained, and I had no chat with her at all.” Are you not now, Madam, sorry that the married lady made not more advances to the maiden lady? I am sure, if you had made the least motion, Miss Talbot would have managed more cleverly than she did. I am disappointed, I can tell you, Madam, at your cold praise, taken upon trust too, of Miss Talbot.

I am, indeed, wholly engrossed by building and business — yet have time to spare, as I have done writing for the public. Divert and amuse me by your agreeable commands. In want of such,

- N 3

my

my head runs faster than the workmen's hands, and is more perplexed and stupid than usual.

I congratulate your Ladyship, and your dear Sir Roger, again and again, on your happy arrival at Haigh. God long continue to both there your health, and increase your comforts, prays, and all mine join in the prayer,

Your Ladyship's ever obliged
and faithful humble servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 25, 1755.

You are so kind, and so pressing, to give yourself trouble on our account, that I know not what to say to you. Sir Roger cries, That your being a man of business, and diligent in that business, is a
reason

reason why we should not add to that weight you already bear. I answer, Consider his words, and consider his sincerity. Aye, but then consider what he will endure, to serve his friends. Well, and is not that, the business of his life, preferably to all others? Very true. And, if I know him at all, the pleasure he takes in that servitude will greatly overbalance the trouble; so let us only think of giving him a pleasure, and let that solve to ourselves, like all selfish people, what perhaps would more than appear as really giving trouble to a disinterested stander-by.— And so, Sir, you are adopted our friendly, loving, trusty banker.

I have a notion that you are acquainted with honest people of every profession; therefore, you must not be surprized if I apply to you upon all occasions. And this puts me in mind of Mr. C——, who, honest and humane as he is, may, nevertheless, be the better for your acquaintance.

You once told me he maintained a very odd argument; and I am informed his principles are so, in the religious sense:— but if he is not one of the obstinate, and will hear reason, his correspondence with you may open his eyes, and cause a new light to shine before them.

Bless me, Sir, how you scold! I have a great mind not to bear it. I desired you would not be very angry; and I thought you would not, when I told you the true reason of my reserve. My letter, like some former ones, was left at Parsons Green, where you answered it, or you would have been more gentle in your condemnation. Pray look it over, before you write again, and tell me if I did not say that “Miss Talbot seems very agreeable, and deserving, and, I dare say, is as good as you and all her friends think her; and, that her looks answered her character, is too well known to need farther explanation.” This you call cool praise.

I do

I do not think it so, from a stranger ; for, you know, I cannot commence acquaintance all at once. You prepared Miss Talbot to expect that shyness, that unconquerable shyness, which appears so much to my disadvantage in a first visit. But you also prepared her—Ah, Sir—no rising in the second visit ! However, I thank you, since I must have appeared worse, had she not been prepared, and which I am sensible of, by her expressions in my favour, of which I am vain. The diffidence she found out, pleases me ; and I hope that will be an excuse for all my disagreeable and ill-timed reserves. Thus far I am willing to take blame to myself. The married lady ought to have made more advances. But the married lady, upon some occasions, is an arrant sheep's face. I can only promise to behave better for the future, and shall very much wish for an opportunity to make myself more deserving the good opinion of Miss Talbot, who,

who, I do assure you, stands high in mine.

I have but lately finished Leland's excellent work, and your kind present. I greatly admire the plain, easy style, in which he writes. His cool, mild, and impartial arguments, to me, at least, who was prepared to receive them favourably, seem strong and satisfactory: and my Lord of Bolingbroke, with all his vast capacity, but vaster assurance, he often makes appear even an idiot, and that without any glare of wit or brow-beating language, like his Lordship's, but only by explaining and undressing his ornamented, ill-designed doctrine.

I had, last post, a letter from my dear sister ———, with three enclosed from Lady S———g to her; in whose praises, perhaps, she might think me too cool: indeed, I said but little in the complimenting strain. She seems bent upon making me love her; and, if she is sincere in her professions

professions of friendship, I do love her for that. But, from my own knowledge of her, from one hour's knowledge, what judgement could I form? Perhaps, if any, it might be to the disadvantage of the lady, and very unjustly; first appearances are often false. I have a reason, however, for hoping so, which may make me appear cool, when I am only cautious. This is not a farther excuse for my behaviour to the lady before mentioned, towards whom my heart is strongly bent, and whose character, had I never seen her, would have demanded my love and esteem. I am sure she is deserving; I hope the other is so too.

Sir Roger and I are quite alone, and the weather so extremely bad that I have not had an opportunity of even walking in the garden these three weeks, which makes this place not quite so pleasant as usual. But here I am happy, nevertheless; am pretty well in health, though I cannot
say

say it is quite established : but I have no great cause for complaint, God be praised. I want nothing but a few of my particular friends ; in the first rank of whom stands a family at Parson's Green, whose company would add greatly to the satisfaction of

Their obliged and
affectionate humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 20, 1757.

I WAS in hopes to have given myself the pleasure, last post, of complying with good Mr. Richardson's kind request ; but the necessary hurry of business, after a seven months absence, rendered me unable, for a day or two, to set pen to paper. I am now, thank God, pretty well recovered,

recovered, and very composed, considering all things ; indeed, I feel myself extremely happy, in this quiet and pleasant situation ; and yet there is a reflection that embitters the sweets I enjoy : you will guess it is the impossibility of seeing my friends at a distance. Wherever I am, that must be the case, and it is a pain, of which, if I could wish to be insensible, I should rather deserve contempt than pity ; therefore I take comfort in my misfortune.

When I took my friend out of his strong hold (for you are locked up, Sir, in my absence), “ come, says I, take your old post, look over me whilst I write, and try if you can keep me in better order than you used to do.” And you looked as if you would say, “ I might indeed try, but I now know you too well, to give myself any trouble upon that account ;” and, with your usual mildness, you left me to my ungovernable self. You know what a vixen I am. How, if I should, out of
pure

pure contradiction, and to disappoint, resolve to be excessive good, and cautious of offending? O, how you chuckle now, "The sex, the sex, exactly!" But hold, not so fast; I only said, "how if I should," but I do not find myself in a very passive humour; rather ready to fight whenever the challenge is given; nay, I know not, but it is already given on my side, and so it is your business to answer.

We find our country in great distress; the poor can scarcely get bread to keep life and soul together; and, indeed, we heard the same complaints all the way from London: grain of all kinds was never known so dear by an eighth part, in the memory of the oldest man living; and yet many wealthy farmers have it in their power to feed the hungry, at a handsome profit, and refuse to hear their cries! They have stores laid up, and there will be stores laid up for them, if timely repentance does not save them. Here is subject for the humanist.

manist. Take the pen, Sir, and give your friend a paper that will animate these stones;—the farmers I mean.

“ More trunks come from the carrier, Madam.” Burn the trunks! how dare they interrupt me! but I will come.

Your affectionate and
obliged humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

P. S. I hope, Sir, you received a note from me, with your daughter's letter enclosed, the day we left London.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

June 25, 1757.

FOR your kind congratulations and good wishes I am truly thankful; but must hasten to your third paragraph, which is such a mixture of kindness and crossness, of spite and good-nature, of side-wipes, plain upbraidings, and friendly insinuations,

tions, that I know not what to say to it. But something I have to say, that I am afraid will call your justice in question. For "seven months residence in town," please to put down five. For once that I sat with you two hours, I believe I may venture to write four times at least. That I did not pay you more frequent visits, at Parson's Green, was owing to your being so seldom there; and how many times, when my sole business was to make a visit, in Salisbury-court, you cannot tell! Then I must inform you, four or five times, I am sure; add those to the nine, and then I will tell you, that I looked in upon you six times oftener than upon any one acquaintance new or old, two families excepted. Spiteful memory! it is not memory, it is all ingratitude. Blisters upon my tongue by dozens! What business had I to lie against my heart, though even in joke. But to make up matters between us, I believe I did not see you so often

often as you desired it, and I beg you will believe, not so often as I wished it.

You have forgot, Sir, that the first time I saw you, after reading your daughter's letter, I gave you my opinion of it; that I thought it a pretty letter upon an important occasion, well considered, and shewed an excellent and a humble mind, and consistent with her duty to you and to herself.

Perhaps I only said part of this, but I thought it all. The style was the style you like. And, now I have so fair an opportunity, shall I resume my old spirit of sauciness, and find some faults with the style you generally make use of from children to their parents? Is not the repetition of so many respectful words, rather overdoing it? Is it not something too formal, and does it not seem to throw a child at too great a distance from an object which, I think, ought to be approached with an easy familiarity, though with love and

and respect? The having nothing less than reverence in their thoughts, may create an awe, and occasion a fear, beyond the fear of offending; and a parent may lose the endearing tenderness of a child, purely out of reverence for him.

I have heard you complain of the want of freedom in your good, your amiable children. Their high notions of your superiority, and their great reverence for you, must be the reason, and I love and value them for it. Far be it from me to take off the reverence due from children to their parents, yet I would not have it perpetually dropping from their pen; and I should wish it rather, nay, abundantly, in the mind, but less in the expression; yet not backward in that, upon proper occasions. My excellent mother would never suffer her children to begin their letters with "honoured madam;" she said it was too stiff: the tender epithets pleased her best. If she was dear to us, she doubted
not

not of all the honour she could wish for.

I have taken a hint from her, to enlarge upon. I own I have often thought the letters of your heroines too much crowded with these reverential expressions, and I wonder I never told you so before; but I put it off amongst many other things till we met.

But, Sir, can you bear it? Surely I never was so fearlessly impertinent before.

Very well, then, I am easy. I proceed to tell you, I wish myself joy; for surely I see, though only at the wrong end of the perspective; but do not I see a little minute inclination towards resuming the pen? Let me have another peep:—it is out of dispute; I now see it plainly. The hand pretty steady too. Success to sage tea! If your pen should drop, take it up again; let it know you are its master. Miss Talbot will inspire and support you on one hand, and I—hold, presuming pen!—and what can I do? Not stand in
a line

a line with Miss Talbot: far be the thought from my humble heart. But I will plant myself behind you, clap you on the back, and sometimes give you good words; at others, I will find fault, and scold, and say all I think.

Must I, Sir? — I may. — Thank you, thank you, I love dearly to be humoured, and I will be as busy as the best of you; and, at the same time, fancy myself like a little pert, saucy cur, barking at a sagacious determined mastiff.

Having made you into a mastiff, I am at a loss to find out, whether it is a compliment or a disgrace; so think it necessary to tell you I mean the former.

And now, Sir, let us see how you will handle the *widow*. Do you think, you must not take in each hand one — the widow of a good husband, and the widow of a bad one? Their behaviour I fancy ought to differ, according to the thoughts and affections of their hearts;
and

and I have a notion the difficulty will lie on the side of the latter, the whole depending upon prudence : and a widow is a woman, you know, without love, esteem, or gratitude, and, perhaps, having their contraries to encounter.

The widow you take so much kind notice of, I hope is deserving of your love, and the best of us will not be too good, when you have mended us. That is your thought at this moment, and I am expressing it for you, so go on with your widows, and improve them if you can. I own the life of a certain person was what I had set my heart upon. — I thought it might be formed into a story, partly true, partly fictitious ; and yet there are objections. I am afraid you would be reined in too close, by families now in being, fearing to give offence, and so, perhaps, lose many a grace, very material to the work.

I was thinking to conclude, but I
grudge

grudge you so much plain paper ; I thought I had been going on in the seventh page, but I find, by a blunder, it proves the sixth only.

What shall I talk of, the weather? — If ever weather deserved to make a part in conversation, surely it is the present. A sky without a cloud ; serene, yet refreshing breezes ; comfortably warm, but not sultry ; the air cooled with the late blessed rain, poured upon us by the hand of Providence, just as the earth began to parch, and has left it rich with its verdant and increasing burden, beautiful to the eye, and joyful to the heart, I was going to say of high and low. But those wicked monopolizers, I fear, have no joy but to enrich themselves by the oppression of their fellow creatures.

Sir Roger and I have been drinking coffee in the Chinese house, sweetly situated for such a day as this. You know
where

where it is, under the shade, by the pond side, near the spot on which your two friends are placed.

We have since spent some time upon Mount Pleasant, under the ruin, viewing the whole world, and envying no one in it, except those who can enjoy the company of our absent friends; that, I hope, is not a breach of any commandment. There, said I, lies our grand metropolis, with all its boasted charms, little in my eyes, and, at this glorious season, despicable to the place I stand upon—yet, for the sake of a chosen few, I could wish to be confined in its bowels, like the prophet in the whale, and on the same conditions—which is no mean compliment in my present delightful situation. But why did not I think of wishing my friends with us? There would be the truly eligible. Fie upon it, that odious word impossible has half choked me. This is Saturday, and I have a pleasure
in

in thinking, you are breathing the fresh air at Parson's Green ; I hope, with all your family ; concluding every one, at this season, must prefer air, verdure, and sweets, to smoke, dust, and common sewers. Well, now I will release you, but not without friendly compliments to and from Sir Roger, and, dear Sir,

Your obliged and
faithful humble servant,
D. BRADSHAIGH.

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LIST OF THE PLATES.

1. Portrait of Mr. Richardson, from a Painting by Highmore, in possession of the Publisher, engraved by Caroline Watson.—*Facing the title of vol. I.*

This Picture has always been esteemed the best likeness of Mr. Richardson. He had a private plate engraved from it, and used to circulate impressions among his friends. The chair in which he wrote most of his pieces, with an ink-bottle in the elbow, is represented in the back ground.

2. Mr. Richardson reading the Manuscript of Sir Charles Grandison to a party of his friends in the grotto of his house at North End, from a Sketch made at the time, by Miss Highmore, now Mrs. Duncombe.—*Facing the title of vol. II.*

3. The Company at Tunbridge Wells, when Richardson was there, in 1748, from a Drawing by Loggan the Dwarf, who has introduced his own Portrait in the left hand corner.—*Facing the title of vol. III.*

The drawings of Loggan are remembered by many of the fashionable world. His delineations of the characters who frequented Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and the Hot Wells, were always esteemed for their spirit and accuracy; they are now become very scarce. This Drawing was carefully preserved by Mr. Richardson, and was in the possession of Mrs. Anne Richardson at her death. In the copies of it introduced into this work, great care has been taken to render them exact fac similes of the curious original. An interesting notice of the characters

characters will be found in Richardson's letter to Miss Westcomb, at page 311 of the third volume.

4. The House in which Richardson wrote his principal productions at North End, near Hammersmith Turnpike.—*Facing the title of vol. IV.*

The half of this mansion which is nearest the eye, was occupied by Mr. Richardson, and the other half by Mr. Vanderplank, a name which frequently occurs in his correspondence.

5. Fac Simile of Dr. Johnson's Letter.—*Page 384, vol. V.*

6. Portrait of Lady Bradshaigh, from an Original in the possession of Mr. Palmer, engraved by Miss Watson.—*Facing the title of vol. VI.*

- 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. Fac Similes of Letters of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Harris, Dr. Warburton, Colly Cibber, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hervey, Dr. Young.—*All at the end of vol. VI.*

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